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# CHANDAMAMA

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\* **THE BUDDHA TAKES THE LAND BY STORM:** The teachings of the Buddha upsets many and inspires many. A new era begins.

\* **THE SAGA OF NEHRU** enters a new phase, with the country growing more restless against the foreign rule.

\* An eventful episode in Nehru's life through pictures, Bimal's wit and a bunch of stories, along with the other regular features.

### Thoughts to be treasured

A good action has certain good consequences. An evil action has evil consequences. That, I believe, is as good a law of nature as any physical or chemical law.

**—Jawaharlal Nehru**





Controlling Editor:  
NAGI REDDI



Founder:  
CHAKRAPANI

## WHAT TO ASK

We feel so happy when we learn about the quest and curiosity of the young readers of Chandamama. Most of them are eager to know about so many things! In fact, that is the reason why your magazine introduced the **Treasury of Knowledge**. While these supplements give you knowledge in a planned way, the column "Let Us Know" is devoted to satisfy queries of individual readers. But please send queries which require some research. Why ask Chandamama what the letters found with the registration number of a car mean? Every second or third adult you meet can answer such questions. Queries should elicit valuable information!

We had announced that a new fiction would begin in this issue. Just wait. It is coming in the September issue.



## GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

हस्ती हस्तसहस्रेण शतहस्तेन वाजिनः ।  
शृङ्गिणो दशहस्तेन स्थानत्यागेन दुर्जनः ॥

*Hasti hastasahasrena shatahastena vajinah  
Shringino dashahastena sthanatyagena durjanah*

It would do if you remain at safe distance of a thousand hands (two 'hands' make a yard) from an elephant, a hundred hands away from a horse and ten hands away from any horned creature. But it would be wise to abandon the locality where the wicked live.





## NEWS FLASH



### THE OLD GOOD FLOWERS

Till now the age of flowers was believed to be a hundred million (100,000,000) years. But German scientists have now proved that the earth had flowers three hundred million (300,000,000) years ago.

### WHEN THE COBRA WAS WELCOME

The Jains call the king cobra *Adhistak Dev* or an auspicious deity. At the inaugural ceremony of a temple dedicated to Bhagwan Pareshnath near Dhanbad, a 10-foot-long king cobra appeared atop the dome of the temple and remained raising its hood till the ceremony was over. Thousands of devotees who had gathered were thrilled.



### THE POPULAR HERO

According to the latest facts released by the UNESCO, the world's most translated work now is the Adventures of Mickey Mouse. Next came the works of Lenin. The third place went to the thrillers of Agatha Christie and the fourth place to the Bible.

### THE SMALLEST COMPUTER

The latest computer is called the pocket-book computer. It is less than an inch thick. It can do the work of a normal table model.







STORY OF

# BUDDHA

—By Manoj Das

*(At last Siddhartha realised the Truth and became the Buddha or the Enlightened One.)*

## THE BUDDHA BECOMES A TEACHER

**S**iddhartha was twenty-nine years of age when he took to the road as a seeker. He was thirty-six when he emerged as the Enlightened One. The period of his seeking had not been very long, but it had been marked by deep sincerity, great concentration and intense aspiration. He

had gone through moments of despair, but he had soon got over them. He never gave up hope. He believed that since there was a wish to know the Truth, the Truth must be there. It had to be discovered.

Now, he was delighted with his discovery. For seven days he







remained engrossed in the great experience that had come to him. He realised that the human beings were bound by a never-ending chain of cause and effect. One incident causes another and the second, the effect of the earlier incident, becomes the cause of a third incident. If an action brings some happiness, one repeats it or goes after similar action in the hope of having more happiness. If a work brings unhappiness, one does something else with the hope of a different result. But it is desire which is at the basis of all such activities. And desires can never be satisfied. Even in a moment of

happiness lies hidden ■ craving for more happiness and all cravings are unhappiness. In any case, moments of happiness pass and men only sigh over them.

Needless to say, Siddhartha had got rid of all desires. Since man was bound to the chain of birth, suffering and death because of the pull of his desires, one who had totally conquered desires had become liberated from this bondage.

Siddhartha was not only a liberated soul, but also one capable of teaching others how to find such liberation. But he wondered, will the people appreciate his teaching? Are most of them not in love with ignorance? He thought that he can begin with those who are seeking true knowledge. He wanted to find some such seekers. A few miles away from the grove, in a big village, lived a famous scholar. Two thousand young men gathered to listen to his series of lectures on philosophy. The Buddha met the scholar and the scholar took a liking for the Buddha. The Buddha spent a day or two listening to the scholar's discourses. Then, one day he asked the scholar, "Will you let me speak to your students after you have finished your day's





lecture?" "Gladly," replied the scholar.

Thus, one day, the Buddha spoke to a large audience. What happened was unexpected. When the scholar lectured, several members of his audience kept talking among themselves. But within a few minutes of the Buddha beginning to speak, the audience grew so silent that as if it did not exist! Next day even more people turned up to listen to him. But the scholar looked very grave. He told the Buddha after the meeting, "My friend, your ideas are quite different from mine. I have collected these students after years of efforts. I

would not like to lose them to someone else."

"I understand you. They would not find me here tomorrow," said the Buddha. He returned to the grove and sat under his favourite tree—later to be worshipped as the Bodhi tree.

He thought, "There are people who have some thirst for knowledge in them. But most of them are merely curious. In any case, the orthodox scholars will not let me teach them what I know to be the Truth. Why then waste time? I have no need of anything! I am free from all bondage. I am a liberated soul, whether I live or I die. I do not lose anything if







others do not find liberation!”

But the Buddha was not only enlightened, but also compassionate. His own argument did not satisfy him. He resolved to spread his knowledge for the benefit of others. But he did not wish to win over someone else's disciples. He decided to recruit his students from those who were willing to learn.

He had learnt much about the scriptures and yoga from two teachers, Alara Kalama and Udaka Ramaputta. It was his duty to pay the debt he owed to them by giving them the knowledge he had found. But he came to know that both the teachers

had passed away. Next he thought of the five mendicants who had served him, though they had deserted him when he had the most need of them. Where were they? The great city of Varanasi, visited since times immemorial by all kinds of seekers, saints, mendicants and hermits, was not very far. The Buddha started his journey towards the ancient city, for he had the feeling that he might meet the five mendicants there.

He walked through several villages, asking for alms from the householders when necessary. He spoke little and did not spend much time at one place.

And it so happened that the five mendicants were camping in a park on the outskirts of Varanasi. The Buddha saw them as he entered the park and they too saw him. “Here comes the yogi who gave up the hard path to God and let himself be served by a wealthy lady!” one of them said.

“Let us ignore him, as if we had never known him,” said another. The five sat looking in another direction.

But as the Buddha approached them and stood near them, one of them could not help casting a glance at him. The Buddha smiled. The mendicant could not



but prostrate himself to the Buddha. The other four followed suit. The presence of the Buddha was too overwhelming for them to ignore it.

The compassionate Buddha blessed them and said, "You served me with the hope that one day I will get the knowledge I sought and pass it on to you!"

"Yes. But we deserted you when we saw that you gave up your seeking and rigorous discipline and looked for comforts of ordinary life," said the mendicants.

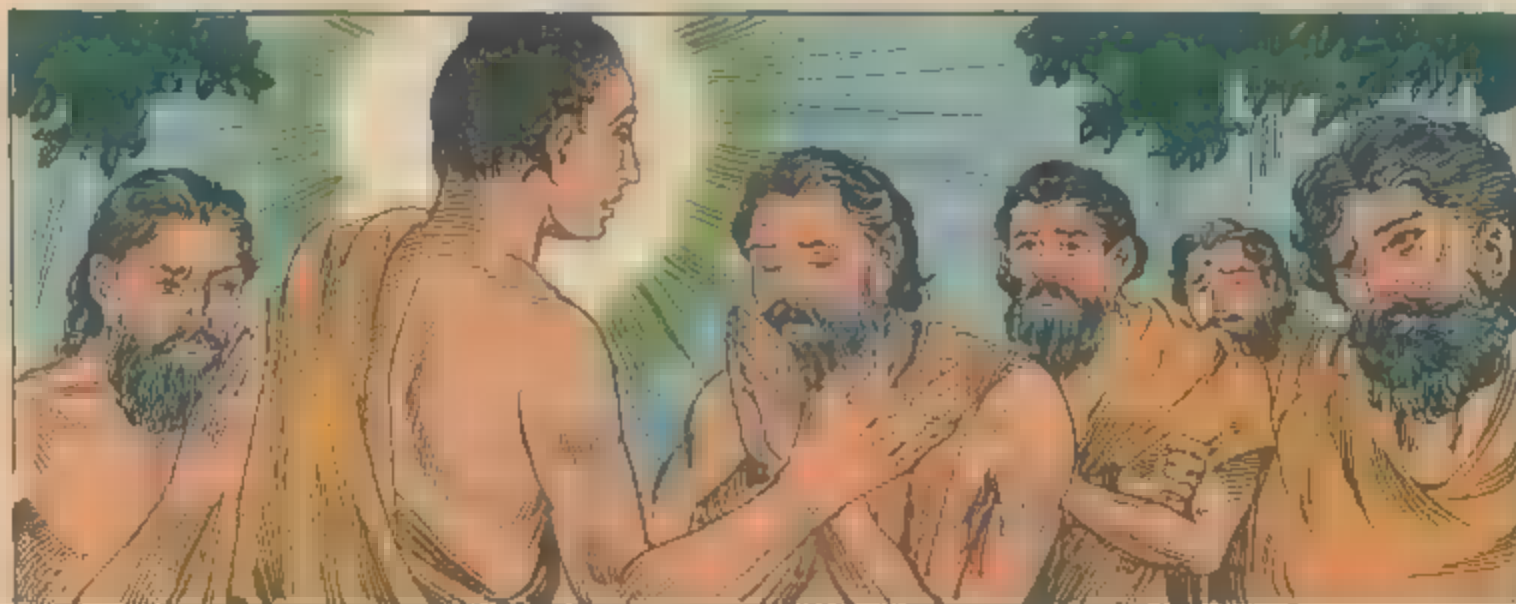
"O mendicants, you were deceived by appearance, I did not give up my seeking. I did not seek any comfort either. I realised that it was as much wrong to torment one's body as it was to indulge in physical comforts. The right path lay at the middle. A seeker must

sustain his body so that he can pursue his knowledge. For that he should have the necessary food and rest. But he should not crave for choice food or be greedy after anything. I call my path the Middle Path. But this is only the path. It should lead to the goal which is Nirvana. By reaching the goal one shall be free from the process of birth and death. Should you wish to follow the path to the goal, I am ready to guide you," said the Buddha.

The five mendicants bowed to the Buddha and readily expressed their desire to follow the path.

Thus, at the place known as the Deer Park, the Buddha found his first group of disciples in these five lucky seekers.

*To continue*





## ENVY

Vimal Seth and Vikash Rao were moneylenders. Both were wealthy and both  old. They rarely came out to the open. They sat in their dark homes, engrossed in accounts. They always looked gloomy and suspicious.

One morning, after many years, Seth went out to the park. It was a beautiful spring morning. He enjoyed the scenery, he relished the tender sunlight and felt fresh in the sweet breeze.

"How wonderful the morning is," he commented to a passer-by. "It is so, sir," replied the passer-by, saluting him. The passer-by's face looked familiar to Seth. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Sir, I am Vikash Rao's clerk. He too is here, enjoying a stroll," said the man.

"What! He too is enjoying all this like me?" Seth asked. His joy  gone. He began walking towards home.

"Who was that chap you  talking to?" Rao asked his clerk.

"Vimal Seth."

"What! He too  here?" murmured Rao, his face losing all lustre. "Let's go back!" he said.







TALES FROM MANY LANDS (INDONESIA)

## THE LONELY MOUNTAINS AND THE COCONUT TREE

**H**ow kind is the coconut tree! It gives us a fruit which contains in it both food and drink! And it keeps giving us plenty of fruit the whole year through!

No wonder that it is like this, for the girl who became the first coconut tree was so kind and graceful! She was not exactly a human being, but a kind of nymph, the daughter of the king of mountains, Smeru. Her name was Ratna.

Ratna's father had made a circle of hills around her, so that she can never go out beyond his own realm. But Ratna was ever eager to go and see the wide

world. She heard from the birds who flew into her hill-home about the many wonders of the world—the rivers, the lakes, the green fields, the forests, so on and so forth. The more she heard, the more eager she grew to see them.

But her father said, "You are protected by us as long as you are here. There are giants and demons outside the hills. Even human beings are hardly better. Once you come to their notice, one of them may lead you away!"

It was Ratna's birthday. Smeru invited many young gods to his house for a feast. He wanted to have a close look at these gods so that he could decide





which one of them would be ■ good match for Ratna.

That night, taking advantage of the festive atmosphere, Ratna slipped out of the hills. She planned to return in an hour, before anybody had begun to miss her.

That was her first ever outing. Once she saw the valleys and the silver brooks and the wood, she forgot time. It was ■ moonlit night. She went close to a lovely lake and touched its water. It was so refreshingly cool! She entered the lake and had ■ dip in it. She felt wonderful. Then she came out and sat on a slab of stone and

looked at the horizon. At some distance there was a beautiful mansion. Many torches were lighted on its towers and music was heard. Suddenly she remembered that her father and the guests must be looking for her. She must go back into her citadel of hills. Tears came to her eyes at the thought and she sobbed.

“What ails you, sweet one?”

The voice surprised Ratna. She ■ ■ handsome young man standing before her.

“Who are you?” the young man asked. Ratna told him who she was. The young man clapped his hands with joy. Then he told her who he was. “Do you see that mansion lighted with torches? That is our palace. It is my birthday today. But, like you, I also don’t like so many people jostling around me. That is why I am here—in solitude. But look at the reward I got! I met you!” exclaimed the young man. He was the prince of the land. His father was not only the king of kings, but also a great wizard. “Now, tell me, why did you shed tears?” asked the prince.

“It is because I love this world with all its splendours. But I have to go back into the circle of hills which is my home!” she said.



The prince stood thoughtful for a moment and then said, "To be frank, I loved you the very moment I saw you. I am a human being and you are something like a nymph. Will you marry me? If you do, you can stay with me. We will wander through the world and be happy together. There are many marvels for you to see."

Ratna liked the idea. "If you tell my father, he may agree," she said.

The prince accompanied Ratna to her father's citadel. By then the guests had departed and Smeru was mad with anxiety because Ratna was missing. In no time his anxiety turned into anger when he saw the prince and learnt why he had come.

"You wish to marry my daughter, do you? Well, why not! You are the future king and by marrying you, my daughter becomes the future queen. So far all is well. But I must be sure that you are capable of protecting my daughter and your kingdom. You have to go through a test," said Smeru.

"I am willing to do anything for your satisfaction," humbly said the prince.

"Very well. Do you see that



mountain there on the west? That obstructs the sunset from my sight. You must remove it in the course of one night—to a spot a mile away. But you must do so before the cocks begin to crow indicating morning," said Smeru very gravely. "If the cocks crow before you have finished the work, you'd turn into a hill yourself."

"O father, must you set such an impossible condition before him?" protested Ratna.

"He has to do something spectacular if he aspires to the hand of a nymph like you!"



commented Smeru.

The prince took leave of them. He told his father, the king, all about it. The king said, "I will pass on to you the most powerful secret I know as a wizard. I believe, that would make you successful in the test." He gave the prince ■ magic shovel and taught him ■ certain hymn. The prince went near the hill and chanted the hymn and grew bigger and bigger. When he was satisfied that he had grown big enough to handle the mountain, he stopped. Then he applied the magic shovel to it. Huge chunks went off at the touch of the shovel and rested at the place Smeru had pointed out.

It was not yet morning. The prince was sure that he would finish the work at least an hour before the dawn. In fact, only one shovelful of rock was there

when—alack—there was heard a crowing and the next moment all the cocks of the locality began crowing.

"O Ratna!" cried out the prince. The next moment he changed into ■ mountain.

"Father! Why did you do that?" asked Ratna in a voice choking with anguish. Then she ran towards her prince who had turned into ■ mountain. "O gods, let me be with him!" she sent her prayers to heaven.

When she came near the mountain, she changed into a coconut tree. For ■ long long time the mountain and the coconut tree formed a beautiful and lovely scene on the horizon. The tall tree saw the world to its heart's content and, by its fruit, taught everybody the virtues of kindness and compassion.







## A WATER-DEMON IN THE KING'S POND

ing Chitrabahu of Praveshpur was a good man, but he always worried about his own health. If he ran even a slight temperature or had a cold, he summoned a full dozen physicians and tried every medicine they prescribed.

His old court pundit had recently died. A new pundit who called himself a Mahapundit or great scholar, had occupied the vacant position. He came from Varanasi—that is what he said—and impressed the king with his scholarship. He also told the king that there were very few scholars in India who knew as much astrology as he knew.

"Mahapundit! Will you please study my horoscope?" the king asked his new courtier.

"I will be most happy to study it, my lord," said the pundit.

Next day he came closer to the king with a heavy face. While his assistant stood behind him holding the king's horoscope, he said, "My lord, I am sorry to say that you are passing through a bad phase of time because of the influence of three planets crisscrossed by the influence of one and half other planets..."

"Mahapundit," said the king interrupting him, "what will I gain by listening to the complicated planetary situation? Tell me what is likely to happen to me."

"My Lord, your arms may slowly become paralysed beginning with the moonless night next month!" said the pundit.

"Good God! Is there no way I can avoid the misfortune?" asked the horrified king.

"There is, my lord. According





to Shri Maharnav Shastri, the son-in-law of the great astrologer Mahamohopadhyay Jivnanda Dev Sharman, the author of..."

"Mahapundit, I do not know any of them. I know you. Please tell me what I should do to keep my arms in a fit condition." The king was growing restless.

"My lord, during the full-moon night next week, you must use your arms to cut down a dry branch with a gold hatchet. Then you can make a gift of the hatchet to a wise scholar. That would forestall the danger. But you have to be sure that the scholar is really wise," said the pundit.

"Mahapundit, that problem

can be resolved if you agree to accept the gold hatchet!" said the king.

"Well, I won't mind accepting it for your benefit!" said the pundit with a kind smile.

The gold hatchet was made. The full-moon night came. The king, followed by his courtiers and the pundit, went into the royal grove. There was a mango tree abounding in ripe fruit and it had a dry branch on it. The king climbed the tree and began cutting it. But as he was not habituated to such tasks, the hatchet slipped off his hands and fell into the pond below!

"What a pity that the gold hatchet is gone!" exclaimed everybody present. "Jump into the pond and recover it!" the pundit asked the king's bodyguards.

At once four or five of them got ready to plunge into the pond. Suddenly a strange dark face emerged from the pond and threw a hatchet to the ground and disappeared.

All were stunned. "It must be a supernatural being!" said the pundit. The hatchet was picked up by the king. But what is this? The gold had changed into iron!

The king was stunned. "It is an evil water-demon which changes gold into iron!" commented the pundit.

"What is to be done now? What if the demon manages to enter my treasury and turn all my gold into iron?" asked the panicky king.

"We will see what can be done about it," said the pundit. The pensive king and everybody else returned to the palace.

Next day the pundit told the king, "My lord, I did not sleep a wink at night, but went through numerous old and rare books. At last I learnt the formula to deal with a water-demon. All we need is a lakh of gold coins. I have to go to a secret spot on the Ganga, recite a certain difficult hymn and begin throwing the coins into the river. As soon as the last coin would be thrown, the water-demon would be reduced to the size of a frog. It would become totally ineffective."

"Hm! One lakh gold coins! That is a huge amount, Mahapundit! But we have to arrange it, after all!" said the king.

The pundit went away, happy.

The king was relaxing alone when his chief cook approached



him and said, "My lord, the water-demon is a very tame and humble creature. As it is, he is hardly better than a frog. Must you spend a lakh of gold coins on him?"

"What do you mean?" asked the king, surprised.

"My lord, let me tell you everything frankly. While cooking, I suddenly needed some dry wood and asked my assistant, Bachu, to fetch some. The chap went into the grove. While cutting some dry branches with his hatchet, his eyes fell on the delicious mangoes, hanging plentifully. He climbed the tree and began eating them. But that is a



tree from which it is forbidden to pluck mangoes without your permission, for that is your favourite tree. While he was on the tree, he saw you and your party approaching it. He jumped down and hid in the pond, amidst the lotus leaves. When your bodyguards got ready to jump into the water, he felt nervous. He hurled his own hatchet to the ground. His face was all muddy. He then swam under the water to the other end of the pond and escaped.

The king could not believe his ears. "Then my gold hatchet should be lying in the pond!" he said.

"Here it is, my lord," said the cook. "Bachu discovered it early in the morning."

The surprised king asked, "What about all that the Maha-

pundit said?"

"My lord, he is a fraud, a cheat. At first he wanted to get the gold hatchet from you. Then a new idea came to him. He wanted to swindle you of one lakh gold coins! He would have gone away with that money forever!" said the cook.

"If he is a fraud, then his prediction that my son would be paralysed must be untrue!" exclaimed the king.

"Absolutely untrue, my lord!" said the cook.

The king ordered the fake pundit to leave his kingdom at once. He rewarded both the cook and his assistant, Bachu. Laughing, he told Bachu, "From today you will bear the title, Water-Demon. And you are allowed to eat mangoes from my favourite tree."



## HOW THE MOONLESS NIGHTS BEGAN

Long long ago there lived a woman in a village whom everybody loved because she loved everybody. Her husband too was a good and hard-working man, respected by the villagers, but both of them had one common sorrow to share: No child had been born unto them.

It was a moonlit night. In fact, those were times when the moon—and a full-moon at that—shone every night all the year round! The lady sat inside her thatched hut, cooking. Her husband was yet to return from his work. She sat alone and felt

like talking to someone. Looking at the moon through her window she said, "What a wonderful baby of the sky you are! Only if I could feed you! That would bring me such satisfaction!"

It so happened that the moon was just then gazing at the lady. He heard what she said. Kind and curious that the charming moon-god was, he assumed the form of a little boy and descended outside her window.

"*Amma*, I'm hungry indeed. What are you going to offer me?" he asked. *Amma* meant mother and the lady was so thrilled at this





address that she sat speechless for a moment. Then she ran out to the verandah and held the baby of the sky by the hand and brought him in. "I have some hot rice for you—and yes—some warm milk too!" she said.

"That should be fine," said the moon-god and he ate a little of the rice and the milk with relish and took leave of her.

"Will you come again?" the lady asked him.

"Why not!" said the moon and he left.

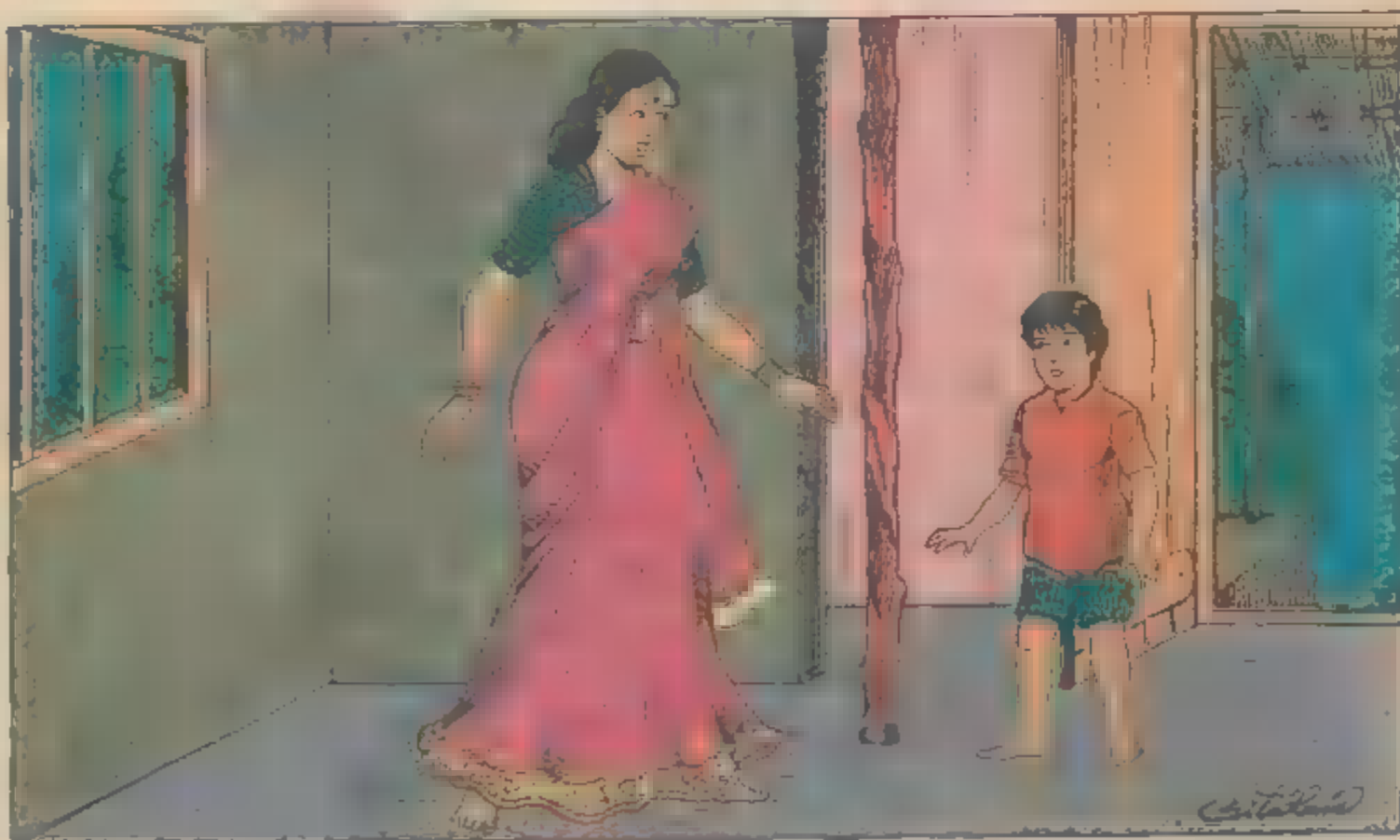
Next night the lady kept looking at the moon right from the moment the horizon smiled with his presence. There was so much love and affection in her

eyes that the moon was obliged to visit her again. Again she fed him with rice and milk.

This went on for nights together. The woman's husband was surprised to see a great change in her appearance and mood. She no longer sighed over the fact that she had no child. She always looked agog with excitement.

One day the man asked her what made her so jolly. She told him how she had got a child in the moon-god who visited her every evening.

"Moon-god can hardly be your real child. But since he is a god, he can, if he so pleases, give you a boon that would bring a child into



your lap," said the husband.

That night the moon saw the lady looking very pensive.

"*Amma*, what is your *Asai*?"

*Asai* meant hope or desire.

"O my divine son, I want to have ■ child of my own!" said the woman.

"I will pray for you and you will have your *Asai* fulfilled," said the moon-god. "But you wouldn't forget me, or would you?" he laughed ■ he departed.

Imagine the lady's happiness when a son was born to her. Now she had her very own child, but she never neglected feeding the moon every night. She saw to it that nobody was nearby when she received him, for she knew that the gods did not like to be seen by all and sundry.

Ten years passed. One day the lady fell sick. As it was about to be evening, she felt that her end was

nearing. She called her son to her bedside and said, "The moon will come at night. Serve him rice and milk as I have been doing." Then she died. Her husband and the villagers carried her dead body away to the cremation ground.

The little boy cooked the rice and boiled the milk and waited for the moon-god. He came and looked for his *Amma*. "She is dead!" said the boy. The moon-god cried out, "O my *Amavasai*!" Then he disappeared. And that night there was no moon in the sky.

From that time once every month the moon disappears totally—as a mark of mourning for his mortal mother. As he had cried out "O my *Amavasai*— O my mother of desire" before disappearing, the moonless night is called *Amavasai* or *Amavasya*.

—Retold by P. Raja





## A QUESTION OF LIKING



A poor man's daughter was to be married. With great difficulty he bought some gold ornaments. His wife and daughter were delighted.

Unfortunately, their thatched house caught fire at night. The family escaped the fire, but the ornament box was inside.



The poor man cried out, "All the precious ornaments will melt! What a pity!" But nobody dared to go in and save it.

One young man came forward and said, "I will fetch the box, but on condition that I will give you only what I like!"



The poor man thought that it is better to save something than nothing. He agreed to the condition. The young man dashed in and brought out the box.



But the young man handed over the worthless wooden box, putting the ornaments into his own pocket.

The case went to Birbal. "So, young man, you took the ornaments because you liked them. Right?" Birbal asked. "Yes," said the young man.



"Your condition was, you will give the man whatever you like! You liked the ornaments. You must give them to him!" was Birbal's judgment.





## ITEMS OF MIRACLE

**K**ishore of village Rampur returned from the town after attending a school for some years. We do not know how much he learnt in the school, but now he thought it below his dignity to work in his father's fields.

"My son, you must work. If you don't, both body and mind would become lazy. You cannot do anything later in life," his father would say.

"I will be ready to work whenever it would become necessary," he would answer. "The time is not flying away!" he would add.

But, the time, indeed was flying away! All on a sudden, one day, his father took ill. Two days later he died. Kishore had never imagined that such a thing could happen. The entire burden of his

family suddenly came to rest on his shoulders. His mother, too shocked to speak, sat shedding tears. His younger brothers and sisters kept looking at him with expectations. Kishore did not know what to do. He had not even cultivated friendship with anyone in the village whose advice he could seek.

One evening he was having a stroll outside the village when he entered the forest absent-mindedly. "Who are you?" someone asked in a nasal tone.

Kishore stopped and tried to find out who questioned him. Soon he saw an unusual figure — as if made of a faint whitish gas! He understood that it was a female goblin.

"I am Kishore. I don't know why I came here. I feel quite

helpless because my father died and because I cannot look after our family," he said, shedding tears. The goblin also shed tears of sympathy.

"I see!" said the goblin. "I can suggest an easy solution to your problems. Jump into a well and die."

The goblin's voice was very persuasive. Kishore felt that her advice was quite sound.

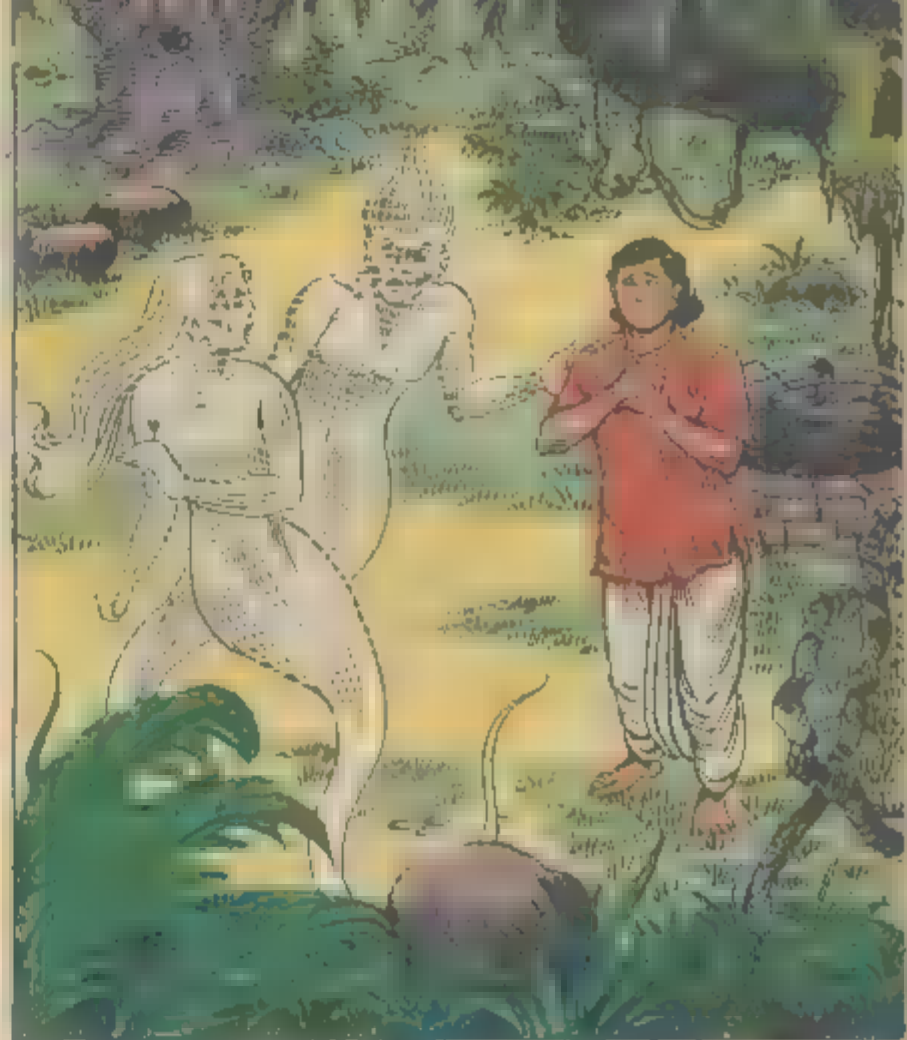
"Come. I will lead you to the well. Is it not my duty to help a man in distress?" she said in a tender voice. Then she began walking in a certain direction, indicating Kishore to follow her.

Kishore hesitated. The female goblin turned towards him and said, "Young man, I have persuaded several other people before you to do the same thing. Why should you hesitate?"

"Are those who drowned themselves in the well happy?" Kishore asked.

The goblin did not answer him. She giggled and said, "Come, come, be sensible."

Kishore, as if hypnotised, followed her. Soon they were near an old, dark well. "Come on, it is so easy to jump into it!" said the goblin and she peeped into the well. Suddenly she



stepped back. An elderly female goblin was seen emerging from the well.

"What are you doing here?" the senior goblin asked the junior one in a harsh manner.

"Aunt, this young man is quite disgusted with life. Kind that I am, I was showing him how to end his life," the young goblin explained apologetically.

"Wicked that you are, you were going to condemn him to hell! Get out, you naughty thing!" shrieked the elderly goblin.

The younger goblin fled. The elder goblin then heard Kishore's story and told him, "Look here,





my boy, don't be foolish. There are any number of people who face far greater hardships than you do. Listen to me. Hide there behind those bushes. Soon all the goblins of the forest will gather here for their monthly meeting. Observe them and see if you can benefit in any way."

Kishore crouched behind the bushes. Soon a number of goblins appeared around a slab of stone. Their leader welcomed them and asked, "Who has brought the most interesting item of the month?"

One of the goblins stepped forward and placed a plate on the slab and then covered it by a

sack. Then he struck the sack three times and removed it. Under it was seen varieties of vegetables!

"Fine!" exclaimed the leader. Does anybody else have anything to match this?" asked the leader.

A second goblin spread a banana leaf on the slab and covered it by a sack and hit the sack thrice with his fist and then removed it. The leaf was found filled with so many sweets!

"Very good," said the leader.

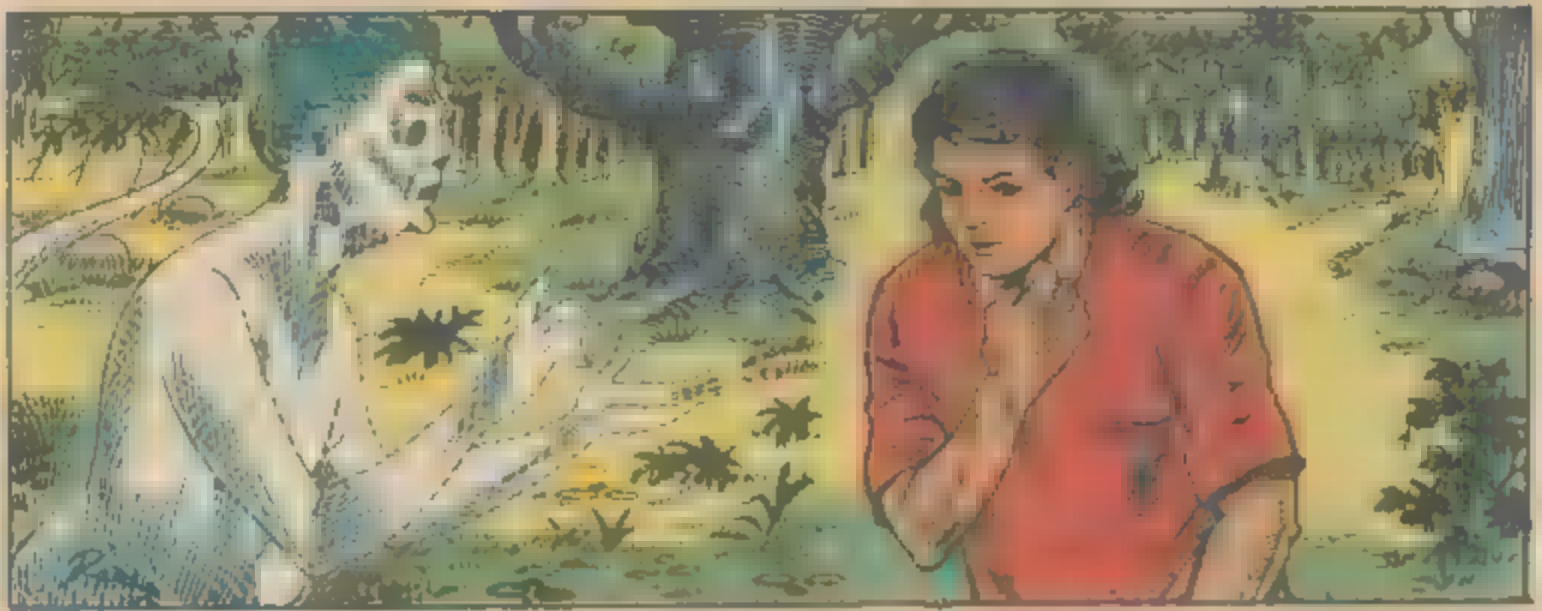
A third goblin placed a jar on the slab and covered it by a leaf and gave it a shake. When the leaf was removed, the jar was found full with milk!

"Excellent!" exclaimed the leader. "Store them at the right place."

As Kishore looked on, the goblins carried the items and hid them in the hollow of a banyan tree.

"Let us disperse!" commanded the leader. And all of them disappeared.

Kishore was excited. Only if he could steal these items and reach home safe, he would have nothing to worry about. The man who was anxious to put an end to his life a little while ago, was now restless with greed for the



magic items.

When he was sure that there was no goblin around to observe him, he went to the banyan tree and drew the items out. He also found a bag in the hollow. He put the items into the bag and was ready to leave the forest.

Suddenly he heard a laughter and the bag clean vanished! Before him stood the elderly senior goblin.

"Young man, were you not going to die a little while ago? How could you turn into a burglar the very next moment?" she asked.

Kishore stood, his head hung.

"Young man, first you were possessed by the evil of despair. Then you were possessed by the

evil of greed. Both are equally dangerous," said the senior goblin.

"What should I do?" asked Kishore.

"Go home. Can't you raise vegetables through your labour? Can't you prepare sweetmeats yourself? Can't you get milk out of a cow? Why should you steal those cursed magic items? Pray and have courage. You can achieve all these things in a most natural way."

The elderly goblin disappeared. But her words left a deep impression on Kishore's mind. He returned home. Soon it was observed that he had become a different man. He worked hard and prospered.

**MAKE SURE OF YOUR COPY OF ENGLISH CHANDAMAMA  
BY PLACING A REGULAR ORDER  
WITH YOUR NEWS AGENT**





## Round the world...

THE FIRST ROUND-THE-WORLD MOTOR RACE TOOK PLACE IN 1908. THE ROUTE WAS FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS, VIA ALASKA AND SIBERIA. THREE OUT OF THE SIX CONTENDERS FINISHED. THE WINNER WAS AN AMERICAN THOMAS FLYER, WHO COMPLETED THE COURSE IN 112 DAYS.

THE EARLIEST CRICKET MATCH OF WHICH RECORDS SURVIVE IS THE ONE THAT TOOK PLACE IN 1744 BETWEEN ENGLAND AND KENT. KENT WON BY ONE WICKET.



**112 MPH**

AN ICE HOCKEY PUCK SHOOTS ACROSS THE ICE AT ABOUT 180 KM/H—112 MPH.

PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH  
FROM HISTORY



**HARI KRISHAN**

He was a unique personality because he became the Guru of the Sikhs at the age of five! Born on the 7th of July, 1656, he was the younger son of Guru Hari Rai.

Even at that young age, he was quite conscious of his responsibility. He was calm and dignified. There was a complaint against him in the Mughal court. The emperor summoned him. Raja Jai Singh of Amber persuaded him to visit Delhi. He was received with due honour when he arrived in Delhi. But he caught small-pox and his condition began to deteriorate. When his followers felt that his last hour was approaching, they wept. But he instructed them not to weep but to sing the hymns of God. He died on the 30th of March 1664, before completing eight years of age.

**WHO IS HE?**

A sage was performing a certain yajna. At the end of the ceremony he began to distribute whatever property he had among his guests. The young son of the sage somehow got the impression that he too would be given away. "Who is going to take me away, Father?" the little boy asked the sage again and again. The sage, who was busy with the rituals, got annoyed and said, "I give you away to Yama!" At once the boy proceeded to the abode of Yama, the God of Death. Yama was not at home. The boy waited for three days. Impressed with the boy's patience, Yama offered him three boons. The boy wanted to know the mystery of death and what happens to one's soul after one's death. Reluctantly Yama had to reveal the mystery to him.

Who is the boy in this legend?

See Page No VIII



## JOYS OF SCIENCE IT STAYS UP

### Directions :

Reverse the hose on a vacuum cleaner so that it blows (or use a hair dryer), point the nozzle up. And while the machine is blowing air, place a ping-pong ball in the airstream. If the ball doesn't remain in the stream of air, try different positions until it does.

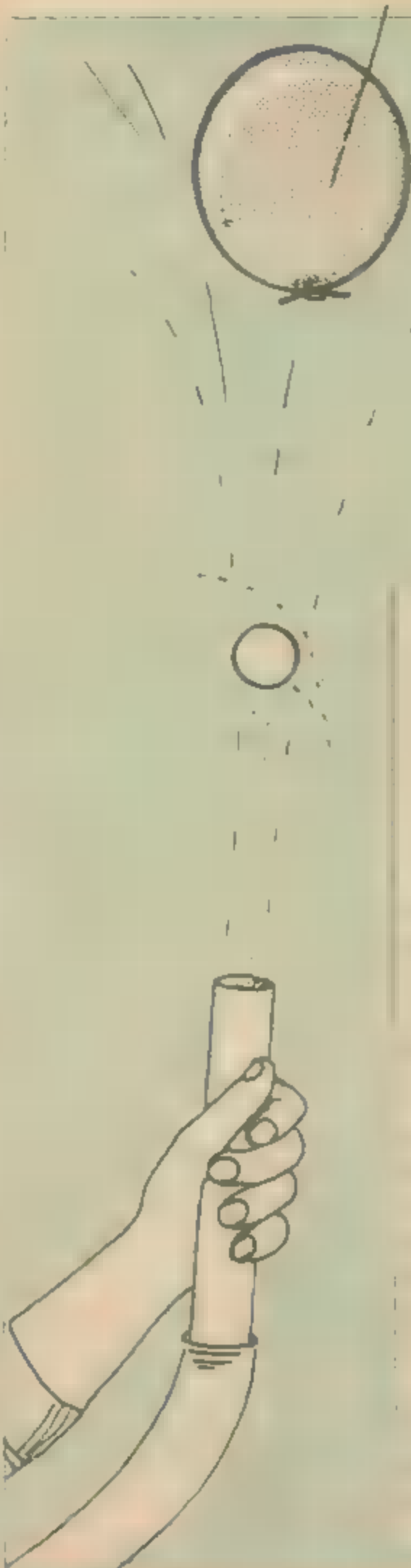
### What happens and why :

When placed at the correct height, the ball will vibrate and rapidly bounce around in the airstream without falling. If you watch closely, you will see that the ball appears to be attracted to the centre of the rapidly moving stream of air.

The air is moving faster near the centre of the airstream, so that side of the ball has less pressure on it than the other side. For this reason, the greater air pressure on the outer side of the ball, pushes the ball toward the centre of the airstream. The ball is held up by the steady push of the air beneath, and the bouncing around is caused by variations in the way the air strikes or goes around the ball.

After getting the ping-pong ball to remain in the airstream, try placing an inflated, six-inch diameter, round balloon a foot or so above the ping-pong ball in the airstream. If the balloon seems to be too light, attach a paper clip to the part that has been tied off. If the balloon is too large, you might even need to tape a penny to it to weigh it down.

Can you place other balls in the airstream? You might try a styrofoam ball. How far can you tip the nozzle of the vacuum or the hair dryer before the ball and the balloon no longer remains in the airstream?



WONDERS  
OF THE WORLD

## MYSTERIOUS FIGURES ON EASTER ISLAND

Easter Island, situated in the South Pacific ocean, has a row of huge statues which are shrouded in mystery. They are 3 feet to 36 feet high. One of them is even 66 feet high. They weigh up to 80 tonnes.

These statues were made near a volcano. How were they brought to the site where they are found? Modern experts have failed to explain this. Nobody knows who built them, when and why.





## GREAT EVENTS OF THE WORLD



### A NEW NATION IS BORN

Around the time when the Buddha lived in India, a prince belonging to a dynasty in Eastern India, Vijay Singha by name, sailed with seven hundred of his youthful followers into the unknown horizon across the sea. They reached an island. It was full of forests and hills. Only a small tribe of people, who knew nothing about the world beyond their small area, lived there. Vijay Singha and his followers drove them deeper into the forest and established a kingdom, with Vijay as the king. Then Vijay's men sailed to South India and reached Madurai. They requested the Pandya king for his daughter who would become their queen. They also requested the king to let them carry seven hundred maidens from the city to marry Vijay's men. The king arranged for seven hundred maidens who sailed with a Pandya princess to the island. Vijay and his men were married. The island was named Simhala, after Vijay's surname, Singha. Emperor Ashoka's son, Mahendra visited the island and taught Buddhism to Vijay Singha's heirs. Later, Prince Mahendra's sister, Princess Sanghamitra also went there with a sapling of the Bodhi Tree under which the Buddha had got enlightenment. The tree is still alive at Anuradhapura.





## LET US PEEP INTO INDIA'S PAST

1. Which Moghul emperor proclaimed a new religion?
2. What was the name of the religion?
3. What does the term mean?
4. Who are the two Rajput heroes who resisted the attack by Alauddin Khilji on Chittor?
5. Who was the legendary queen whom they were protecting?
6. What was the name of the kingdom to which they belonged?
7. What is the name of the city the Pandavas built?
8. What was the earlier name of the site?
9. What is the name of the city in which the Kauravas lived?
10. Where did these two cities exist?

Page No VIII

## THE WORLD OF FACTS, SCIENCE, INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES

1. In what language did Jesus Christ speak?
2. Which king earned his livelihood as a teacher?
3. Which creature lives only on the leaves of the eucalyptus tree?
4. Which is the largest tomb ever built?
5. Who could speak fluently in his mother-tongue when only eight weeks old?
6. Which plant can devour frogs?
7. How long a thread can a silkworm spin?
8. Where is found the world's largest bell?
9. Which birds do live very long?
10. What is the temperature at the sun's interior?

See Page No VIII



1. Who is the narrator of the Mahabharata as we know it?
2. Where did he narrate it?
3. What was the occasion?
4. From whom did the narrator hear the epic?
5. How many verses does the Mahabharata as we know it today have?
6. How many verses did it have originally?
7. What was the duration of the Mahabharata War?
8. What is the longest epic in the world?
9. Who wrote it down for the first time?
10. What is the full name of Vyasa?

See Page No VIII

### LET US LEARN A WORD IN ALL INDIAN LANGUAGES

#### WEST

Sanskrit : *Pratichi*; Marathi, Gujarati, Bengali, Assamese and Oriya: *Paschim*; Kannada: *Paschima*; Punjabi: *Pachham*; Urdu and Kashmiri: *Magrib*; Sindhi: *Aulhu*; Telugu: *Padmara*; Tamil: *Merkku*; Malayalam: *Patiaru*.



## DO YOU BELIEVE?

- \* That all kinds of dogs can bark?
- \* That garlic is a relative of onion?
- \* That horses were always as big as they are seen today!

## OH, NO!

- \* The Congo Bush Dog of Western Africa cannot bark.
- \* Garlic is a relative of the lily family.
- \* The prehistoric horse of North America was about the size of dogs.

## ANSWERS

### WHO IS HE?

Nachiketa.

### INDIA'S PAST

1. Akbar.
2. Din-i-Ilahi.
3. Divine Faith.
4. Gora and Badal.
5. Rani Padmini.
6. Mewar.
7. Indraprastha.
8. Khandava Vana; it was a forest.
9. Hastinapura.
10. Near the city of Delhi.

### THE WORLD OF FACTS

1. Aramaic.
2. Louis Philippe (1773-1850) escaped to Switzerland during the French Revolution and taught mathematics in a school under a false name.
3. The Koala of Australia.
4. The Great Pyramid of Cheops near Cairo.
5. Christian Friedrich Heineken of Lubeck, Germany.
6. The Venus fly trap of Coastal Carolina. Any little creature that comes into its fold of leaves cannot escape.
7. Twelve thousand times longer than its own size, which is less than three inches.
8. Near the Kremlin in Moscow. It is 19 feet high and weighs 198 tonnes. But it has never been hung or rung.
9. The falcon. Some can live for 150 years.
10. 40,000,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

### LITERATURE AND MYTHOLOGY

1. Sage Sauti.
2. At the Ashram of Sage Saunaka in Naimisharanya.
3. The conclusion of a yajna which Sage Saunaka performed.
4. From Sage Vaisampayana.
5. One lakh verses.
6. Twenty-four thousand verses.
7. Eighteen days.
8. The Mahabharata. It is eight times bigger than Homer's Iliad and Odyssey put together.
9. Ganesha—as Vyasa, the original author, dictated it to him.
10. Krishna Dvaipayana Vyasa.

# WORLD OF NATURE

THE SEA HARE IS A GASTROPOD THAT LIVES ON THE BOTTOM OF THE INDIAN AND PACIFIC OCEANS. IT IS SO CALLED BECAUSE IT HAS A **PAIR OF TENTACLES** THAT RESEMBLE THE EARS OF A HARE. THE SEA HARE IS VERY FERTILE, LAYING AS MANY AS **478,000,000 EGGS**.



## SEA HARE



## CORAL

CORAL IS REALLY THE HARD DRIED **SKELETON** OF COLONIES OF SMALL ANIMALS, VERY SIMILAR TO ANEMONES. IT IS COMPOSED MAINLY OF **CALCIUM**.

## A strange desert rodent

THE **JERBOA**, A SMALL RODENT, HAS BACK LEGS THAT ARE **FOUR TIMES AS LONG AS ITS FRONT LEGS**, AND A TAIL THAT IS LONGER THAN ITS HEAD AND BODY PUT TOGETHER. THE LONG TAIL HELPS IT TO BALANCE WHEN IT HOPS—**10FT(3M) IN A SINGLE JUMP**.





# THE GARGOYLE'S PINCH

There was a dense forest where it was ■ dark ■ the night even at noon. And there lived a terror—a tiger. The tiger hunted the smaller animals and killed them even when his hunger had been quite satisfied. So the rabbits, and the deer and the wild pigs hid as soon as they smelled the tiger.

In ■■■ of the caves lived a fox and his wife. One day, the vixen gave birth to six lovely cubs.

The animals of the forest ■■■■

to see the babies with gifts. The fox was greatly happy to see them and particularly his elderly friend, the elephant, who had come from across the river.

Ater all the animals left, the elephant said, "If you care for your children's lives, come away with me. I will carry you all on my back to the other side of the river. There you will be safe. Here the tiger will gobble you all up." The fox thought for ■ long time and said. "Thank you, brother elephant. But our home is here.



I'll find a way to keep my family safe."

A hyena who was loitering around the cave and who wanted to remain in the tiger's good books, ran to him and said, "Master Tiger, I have some juicy news for you."

"What is it? If you speak some nonsense, I'll bite your head off," growled the tiger.

"There are six cubs in the fox's cave—young plump ones. I'm sure, they will be a treat for your royal palate."

"Is that so?" asked the tiger, standing up. "It's so. Why don't you pay the fox family a visit?"

The fox was not whiling away his time. He had fortified the mouth of the cave with numerous rocks. Now he remembered his ancient friend, the crab, who lived at the edge of the river. He went to him and narrated to him his fears and took him to his cave. The crab hid near the mouth of the cave.

Soon the tiger arrived. "Hello fox" he called out, "the animals in the forest have been telling me of your new-born kids. Don't you want me to see and bless them? Should they not know their Uncle Tiger?"



"Who are you?" came a voice from inside the cave. "No fox lives here! I am Gargoyle the tiger-eater!" The voice of the fox, echoing in the rocks, sounded quite abnormal and fearful. The tiger was puzzled. But he managed to say, "Come out, you impudent creature, or I'll eat you all up."

The fox gave the signal and his wife pinched their children who set up a row, wailing at their loudest. Then the fox laughed in his deepest voice and said, "Don't feel nervous, my little tiger, that was my wife giggling. We are new to this forest and we were not sure whether we will get



enough tigers like you for our breakfast, lunch and dinner."

The tiger was a bully, but a coward at heart. However, he called out in false bravery, "I challenge you to a fight, come out!" The fox's voice boomed, "Ho ho ho. Let me give you a friendly pinch first, an invisible one to begin with!"

At this the crab clamped his giant claws on the tiger's tail. The tiger shrieked and was awfully ashamed of his own shriek. Quaking in fright, he fled for his life.

He ran to the river to dip his hurting tail. "What's the matter, tiger? I've never seen a big beast look so pale!" said the elephant who was about to cross the river.

"Do you know how fearful Gargoyles are? One has occupied

the fox's cave," said the tiger.

The elephant understood. He suppressed his laughter and said, "I had seen a couple of Gargoyles long ago. All I know is, they relish tigers just as the tigers relish deer. And they can smell the presence of tigers from far. It will be wiser for you to cross to the other side of the river and not to return here in the near future."

"But how to cross the river? I have never practised swimming," said the tiger feeling very small.

"I can carry you, provided you promise never to return. Why should I take the pains unless I am sure that I am saving a life—your life?" said the elephant.

The tiger promised never to return. The elephant carried him to the other side of the river.

**—Retold by Anita Nair**





NEW TALES OF KING VIKRAM  
AND THE VAMPIRE

WHICH WAS THE  
SECOND GHOST?

**D**ark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, ■ soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I do not know what has inspired you to take up such a dangerous task. But I know that there are people who forget the very purpose of their labour when it is about to fruition. Let me give an example to you. Pay attention to my narration. That may bring you some relief.

The vampire went on: In a





certain village lived a young man who was very ambitious. He desired to be wealthy as well as an important man in the society. But he saw no hope of his desires being fulfilled. There was nobody among his near ones who could help him in realising his ambition.

An idea struck him one day. He had a distant relation in the town who was a prosperous merchant. The merchant had only one child—a young daughter. Vijay thought that if he could marry her, he would inherit the merchant's wealth and goodwill.

He reached the merchant's house. He was received with the

courtesy ■ distant relative deserved; no more, no less. When Vijay told the merchant his desire to marry his daughter, the merchant said, "My boy, I hardly know anything about you. On the other hand, I know very well a number of young men in this town. The proper thing for me should be to choose one of them to marry my daughter. I am being frank with you. Please don't take it amiss."

There was nothing offending in what the merchant said. Even then Vijay got a jolt. While returning home, he decided to put an end to his life. He remembered that there was an old well in the meadow. It would be convenient to jump into it—he thought. He went there, but he found the well almost filled up with sand. It was growing dark. He tried to enter it, holding on to the mud wall around it. His hand touched ■ bottle. He brought it out and opened it. Smoke began to gush out of it and lo and behold, from the smoke emerged a spirit, assuming a fearful form.

"Young man, I am thankful to you, for you set me free. Please tell me what I can do for you," said the spirit.

Vijay had been frightened at

first. But he realised that the spirit that stood before him was not ■ harmful one. He said, "Well, what service can I need? I intended to die!"

"Why? Don't you know that suicide is a sin?" asked the spirit.

Vijay told him the causes of his frustration. The spirit heard his story and thought over it for ■ moment. Then he said, "Look here. I can help you. I will go and possess the merchant's daughter. No exorcist can cure her. When the merchant gives up all hope for his daughter's survival, you can offer to cure her. Just whisper to the girl:

Bottle sprite, little sprite,

Must you cause such a fright?

As soon as I hear this, I will leave the girl. The grateful merchant will gladly marry his daughter to you."

"Thank you, dear spirit!" said Vijay.

"But mind you, I love to possess girls of distinguished families. Never try to dislodge me from anybody else afterwards," said the spirit and he disappeared.

Two days later Vijay received the news that the merchant's daughter had been behaving in a strange manner. He proceeded to



the town and camped in a small inn and kept an eye on the merchant's house. A fortnight passed. So many exorcists tried to cure the girl, but failed. At last Vijay appeared before the merchant and offered to cure her.

"Vijay, if you can save my daughter, you can also marry her," assured the merchant.

Vijay pretended to recite some hymns and then whispered to the girl:

Bottle sprite, little sprite.

Must you cause such a fright?

At once the girl fainted. Her parents sprinkled water on her face and fanned her. When she came to her senses, she was found





to be perfectly normal.

The merchant was very happy. He embraced Vijay and sent for the astrologer. On a suitable day fixed by the astrologer Vijay was married to the merchant's daughter. Vijay began to look after the merchant's business. The merchant died after three years, leaving all his property to Vijay. Vijay's desire to grow wealthy and important was fulfilled.

Another year passed. One day a young hermit met Vijay and said, "Vijay, I was present here when you cured the merchant's daughter. I was not a hermit then. I remember how the girl behaved and talked when pos-

sessed. I suspect that the same spirit has possessed the princess. Will you please teach me the secret by which you cured the merchant's daughter? I could apply it on the princess and cure her."

Vijay revealed the secret to the hermit. But once the hermit had left, he thought, "What a fool I was to pass on the secret to the hermit! I could have cured the princess myself on the condition of marrying her! That would have made ~~me~~ far more wealthy and influential! To be the king's son-in-law! What more can one desire?"

He galloped to the capital. On arrival in the city he heard how the princess had remained possessed since a month and how exorcists and tantriks from several kingdoms had failed to cure her. The king had just announced that whoever can cure her would marry her and get a part of his kingdom.

Vijay was thrilled. At the same time he understood that the hermit was eager to cure the princess because of this prize! He laughed within himself and said, "What a hermit! He desires to marry the princess!"

He met the king and wanted to

have a look at the princess. He was led into her room. As soon as he saw her, he knew that she had been possessed by the spirit familiar to him. He pretended to recite some hymns and then whispered to her:

Bottle sprite, little sprite

Must you cause such a fright?

At once the princess fell unconscious, but suddenly Vijay himself started jumping and shrieking. The king's bodyguards controlled him. It was clear that the spirit which left the princess took possession of Vijay.

The princess became normal. That made the king very happy. At the same time he was sorry to see Vijay's condition. Just then the hermit reached there. It was not difficult for him to imagine why Vijay hurried there to reach before him. "What will happen to this young man?" the hermit asked the king.

"We will look after him all his life. What more can be done? Nobody else can drive the ghost out of him," said the king.

The hermit whispered to Vijay:

Bottle sprite, little sprite,

Must you cause such a fright?

At once Vijay sprawled on the ground. When he recovered, he was quite normal.

The king told Vijay, "According to the conditions announced by me you are eligible to marry the princess."

"My lord, I would have remained possessed by the ghost, but for this hermit's kind intervention. Let him marry the princess," said Vijay.

The hermit laughed. "Am I not a hermit? Where is the question of my marriage?" he asked. Looking at the king, he added "My lord, let the princess marry a prince—in the usual way."

"I support this suggestion," said Vijay.

The king thanked both of them. While the two were going out, the hermit told Vijay, "I am happy that you got rid of both the ghosts."

The vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram in a stern voice, "O King, I wonder why Vijay gave up the chance to marry the princess. And why did the hermit too reject the proposal? Again, if the spirit could possess Vijay after leaving the princess, why did it not possess the hermit after leaving Vijay? What did the hermit mean by 'both the ghosts'? Where was the second ghost? Answer me if you can. Should



you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck."

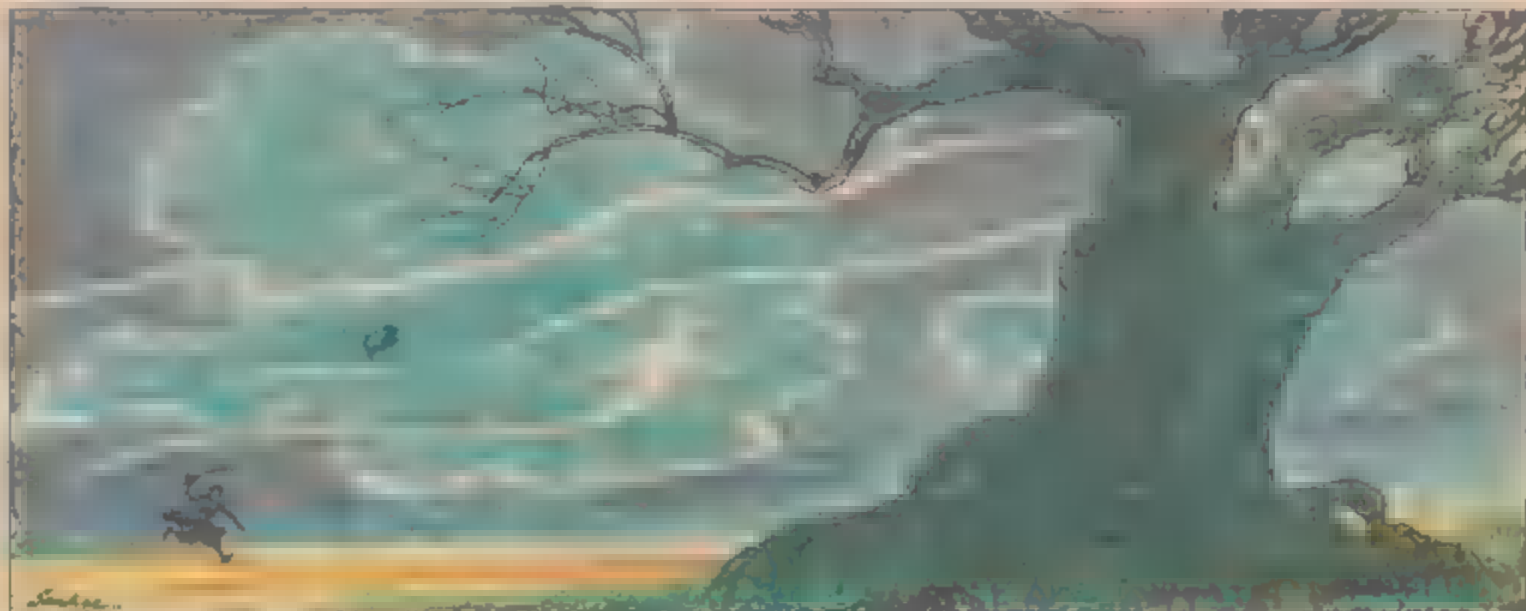
Forthwith replied King Vikram, "Vijay understood that had the hermit not intervened, he would have remained possessed forever. While he felt ashamed for his rushing there to claim the hand of the princess, he felt grateful to the hermit. That is why he proposed the hermit's marriage with the princess. But the hermit had no motive other than curing the princess of her affliction. He had no worldly ambition and he was quite realistic. He felt that the princess should marry someone equal in status to her.

"The spirit possessed Vijay because it was annoyed with him. It had warned Vijay before-

hand not to disturb it in the future. And the spirit could possess him because he was an ordinary man full of greed and ambition. But the hermit was a clean man, devoted to God. That is why the spirit was not inclined to possess him. It could not have possessed him even if it would have tried to do so.

"Greed is no better than a ghost. When one is possessed by greed, one is as good as possessed by a ghost. Vijay had been possessed by the ghost as well as the ghost of greed. He was relieved of both. That is what the hermit meant when he referred to two ghosts."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.





## THE EXTRAORDINARY CROP

The Sultan's jester was famous for his wit and presence of mind. The Sultan liked him very much because of his qualities. There was a nobleman in the Sultan's court, an Ameer, who was very envious of the jester. It was his life's ambition to outwit the jester so that the Sultan will praise him.

The jester had a great fancy for cultivating flower and fruit plants. He had a garden which was a model in the town. He took much care of his plants. He spent most of his time outside the royal court in his garden.

One day, while passing by his house, the Ameer saw the jester at work in his garden. "Hello, friend, what are you doing?" the Ameer asked.

"I am gardening, sir. Will you

like to come in and see my garden?" asked the jester in his turn.

"Gladly," said the Ameer. The jester showed him the different areas of his garden with enthusiasm. The Ameer could not but be impressed, but he did not show it. He nodded his appreciation only reluctantly and commented, "Well, I have seen so many gardens here and elsewhere and yours is no different from them. The plants you have are ordinary. One must be an extraordinary gardener to grow extraordinary plants!"

"Sir, can you give me any extraordinary plants? I promise to do my best to nurture them carefully," said the jester.

"I have just received the seeds of some very special fruit from a





friend who returned from Hindusthan. But I have no time to cultivate them. Since you are ready to do your best, I can pass on the seeds to you," said the Ameer gravely.

"Sir, I shall be grateful if you do so," the jester responded warmly.

"Good. But unless you are an expert gardener, they won't sprout," warned the Ameer.

The Ameer sent some so-called seeds in a pouch to the jester. It was the jester's habit to taste a seed before sowing the lot. As soon as he threw a seed into his mouth, he understood that the Ameer was playing a practi-

cal joke on him. What he had sent were not seeds of any fruit, but the eggs of some fish. He quietly threw them away.

Three months passed. The Ameer was away on some business. On his return he met the jester in the market and asked him with a smile, "My friend, I am sure you could not make anything out of those precious seeds!"

"Sir, I am beholden to you for your gift. I sowed them and protected them from both heavy rain and severe sun. They have sprouted very well—something so new, so surprising!" said the jester and lowering his voice, he added, "I have not allowed anybody else to see the crop. But you must come and see!"

"I will pay a visit to your garden tomorrow morning," promised the surprised Ameer.

In the evening the jester carried a sackful of small fish to the farthest end of his ground and stuck them on the earth in such a way that they looked like having come up from the ground. He spread a wet linen on them.

The Ameer arrived in the morning. The jester led him to the ground and carefully lifted

the linen. The Ameer's eyes bulged with astonishment when he saw the crop of fish. He alone knew that what he had sent were the eggs of fish; but he could have never imagined that the fish-eggs, when sown, could sprout into fish!

Like a wise man, he told the jester, "My friend, since your experiment is such a success, I must do the same in my own ground. Yes, it will be good not to make our success public."

On his return home, the Ameer kept busy in gathering the eggs of fish. He then sowed them all over his ground around his house. He told the Sultan, "My lord, I will show you a new crop very soon, something which nobody had thought of." The Sultan was

intrigued. He secretly found out the facts from his jester. Months passed. There was no fish crop as hoped by the Ameer. One night he met the jester and asked him why his crop failed. "Well, it requires fertile soil, you know!"

"But my soil is quite fertile," said the Ameer.

"Maybe, but something else too has to be fertile," the jester retorted, pointing to the Ameer's head. The Ameer went away, realising how the jester had paid him in his own coin.

The Sultan could not keep the joke to himself. He raised a loud laughter in his court by narrating it to his courtiers. The Ameer felt so much ashamed that he did not show his face in the court for a long time.



## THE UNWILTING MISHRA

The king of Kumudpur sent a scholar and orator, Bhaskar Mishra, with some message for the king of Vasavgiri. The king of Vasavgiri who was displeased with the king of Kumudpur, wanted to humiliate the messenger.

"We hear that you are a great orator. Will you please speak to our intelligentsia tomorrow in the afternoon?" the king of Vasavgiri asked Bhaskar Mishra.

"Gladly, my lord," said Mishra.

Next day Mishra met the king at the appointed time. The king and his minister showed him the adjacent hall and said, "Go and speak!"

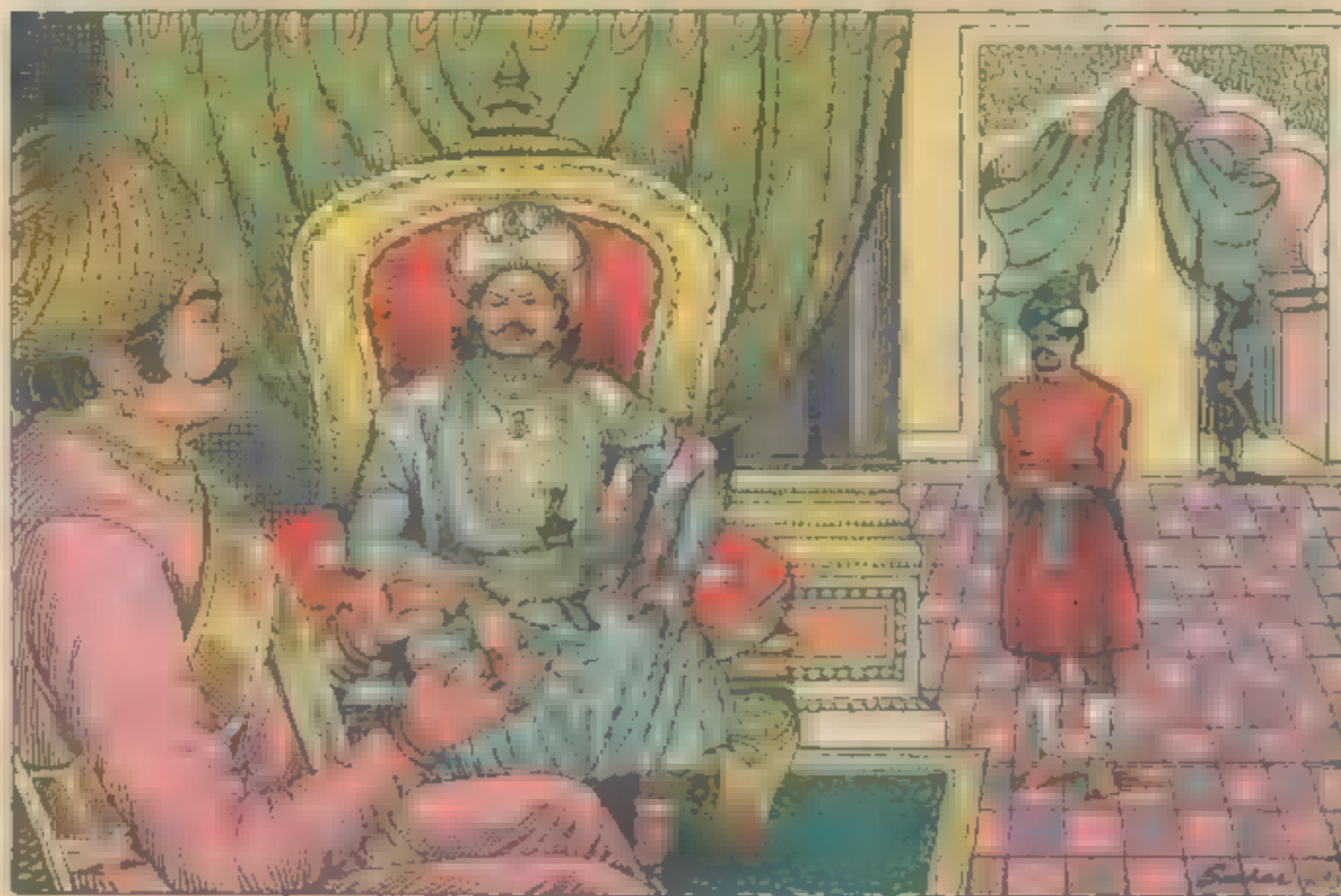
Bhaskar Mishra went to the hall and found that there was not a soul there. But he went on speaking.

The king who had expected Mishra to leave the hall immediately, sat surprised. Mishra stopped only after two hours and came out.

"Mishra, how could you speak on philosophy, poetry and ethics when nobody listened to you?" asked the king.

"My lord, I had evidently the most distinguished audience—the king and his minister. Perhaps I am the only speaker in the world to keep a king spell bound for two hours!" After a pause, Mishra added, lowering his voice, "And if this kingdom has no intelligentsia, that is not my fault!"

The king regretted his action.







## CHANGING SITUATIONS

**K**ing Jayvir was in the habit of putting on a disguise and roaming about in his capital at night.

One day, he was passing through a suburban area when a gang of bandits surrounded him. They searched him, but found nothing valuable on his person. They gave him a push and left him, while he sprawled on the ground.

The king got up and went away. It so happened that Shekhar, a courtier, was returning from a friend's house. By the time he came to the spot, the bandits had left and the king was walking away. Shekhar guessed that the traveller was the king. He followed him stealthily. When he saw the king entering the palace, he was sure of his identity.

Next day, the king was found

to be very remorseful. He had never been as humiliated as he had been in the previous night. He sulked under it.

When an opportunity came, Shekhar told another courtier, "The value of anything, in the eyes of others, depends on the visible position of the thing. A flower falling down from one's garland on the road can be trampled by himself or others; but if the same flower had been used in the worship of a deity, it will be the most precious thing!"

Suddenly the king smiled. He realised that the one who was humiliated at night was not the 'king', but a pedestrian.

Shekhar went on: "Take the case of a piece of cloth. If it is on your head, it is a turban, if it is put on your body, it is a shawl; if you are drying yourself with it



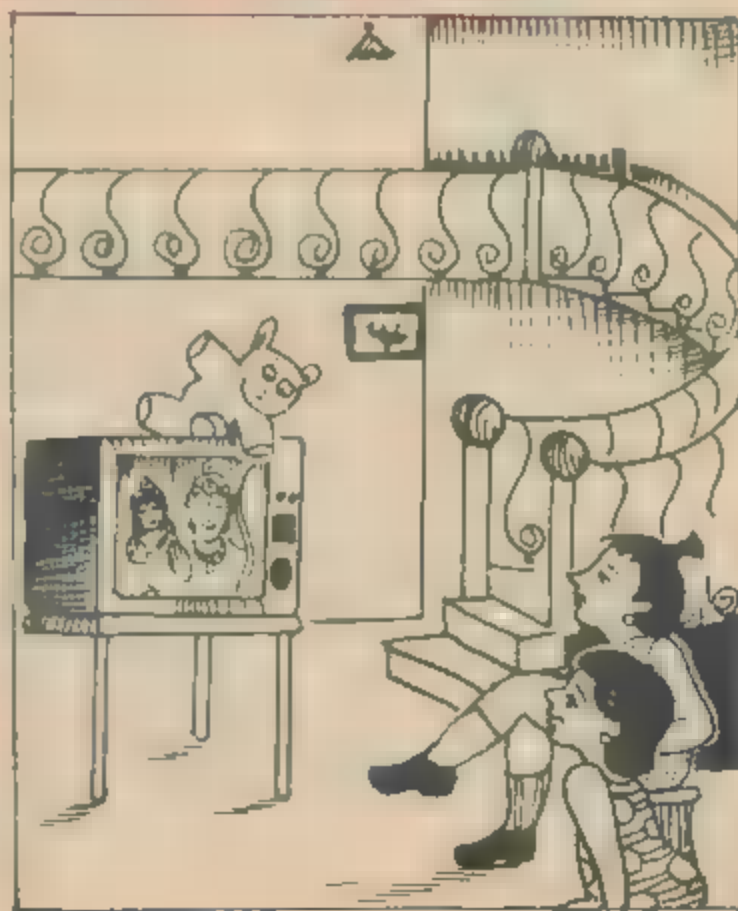
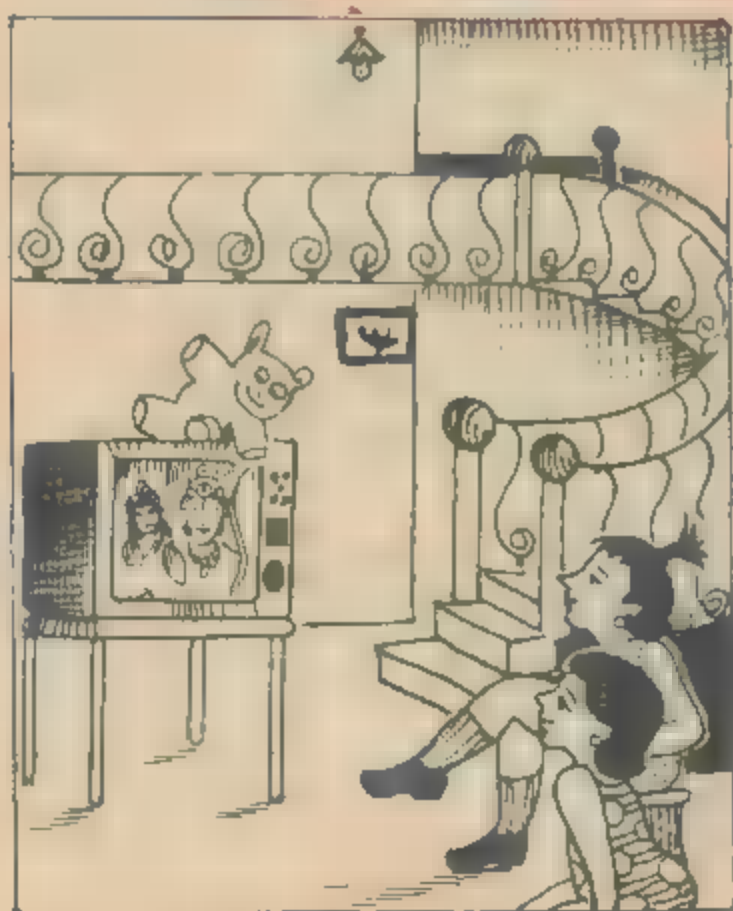
after a bath, it is a towel.”

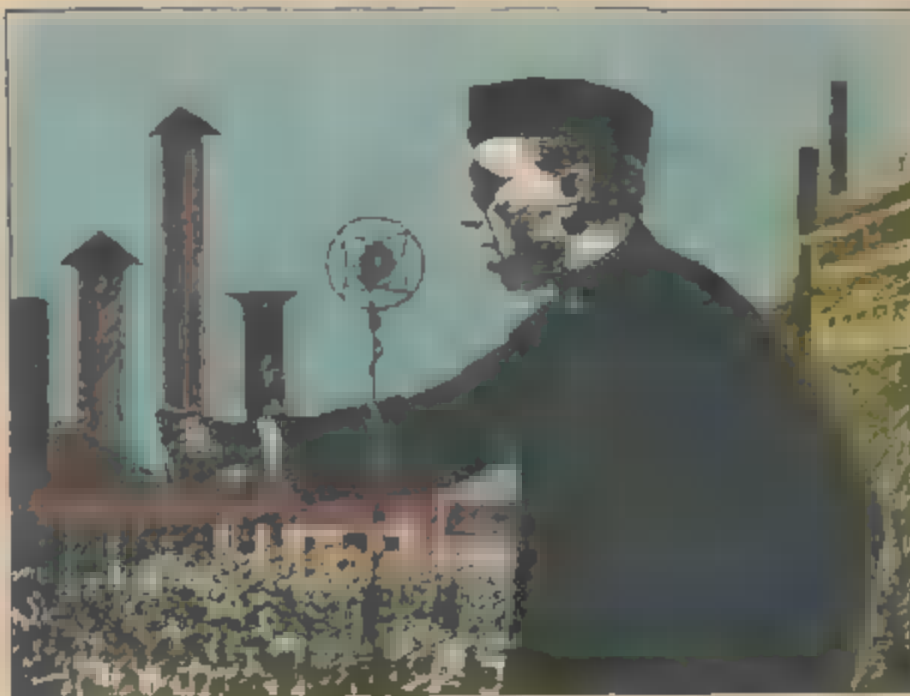
Then he brought out the image of the Lord carved on a wood and said, “Two days ago when I brought home this chunk of wood and it was lying at my doorstep, a friend moved it with

his foot. But can one do so now even though it is the same wood?”

The king was his usual happy self once again. He understood that much depends on the situation in which a thing is, not on the thing itself.

## SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES

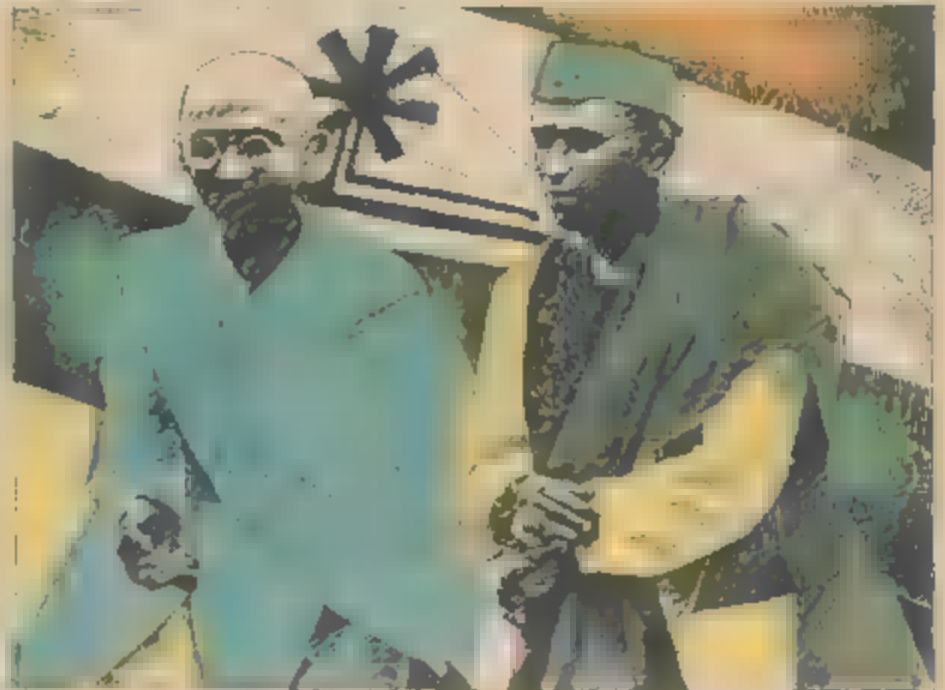




## THE RISE OF INDUSTRY (9)

In 1929 Jawaharlal Nehru was elected the President of the Trade Union Congress, in its session at Jharia. He now came in close contact with the industrial workers, after his familiarity with the peasants of India.

Soon thereafter, at the Lahore session of the Congress, he was elected the President of the Indian National Congress. He was forty. His name was proposed by Gandhiji. He succeeded his father, Motilal Nehru.



It was at the Lahore Congress that Nehru and others met the illustrious Pathan leader, Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan. He was with many young men from the frontier. Their sincerity and freshness impressed all.





The Congress had resolved to celebrate the 26th of January 1930 as, 'Independence Day'. That day the leaders were to tell the people that independence of the country was their goal. Large masses attended public meetings.

Against the imposition of taxes on salt, Gandhiji gave a call for Satyagraha. He led his famous march to Dandi, from his Ashram at Sabarmati near Ahmedabad. This call created great enthusiasm throughout the country.



At several places in India, men and women defied the ban and made salt on the seashore and elsewhere. Nehru also led such a Satyagraha, along with his wife Kamala Nehru.

Nehru was getting on a train on 14 April 1930 when he was arrested. His arrest only agitated the people more. The Satyagraha became more widespread.



Nehru would have liked Gandhiji to officiate as the President during his absence in jail. But he knew that Gandhiji would not agree. So he had nominated his father Motilal Nehru, in the second place. Motilal was sick. Even then he took over the son's burden.

There was a nationwide civil disobedience and boycott of foreign goods in many cities. Kamala Nehru took leadership in such Satyagrahas, braving the hot sun and other risks, despite her weak health.





Motilal Nehru decided to dedicate his house at Allahabad, Anand Bhawan, to the nation and to rename it as Swaraj Bhawan. This was to become the centre of Congress activities and a part of it was to be a hospital.

Motilal Nehru was sick. He was preparing to go to Mussoorie for rest. When, one early morning, the police arrested him at Anand Bhawan. He was led to Naini prison where his son had been detained.



Nehru was kept in a solitary two-room apartment. It had a circular wall. Only a patch of sky was visible. He gazed at the sky—the symbol of freedom—from time to time.

**—To continue**





## THE LIAR'S BREATH

The queen of Koshala fell ill. The king's court physicians did their best to cure her but to no avail.

The king loved the queen very much. He grew pensive and looked pale. His near and dear ones looked even more pale. They sat around the queen all the time, sighing and sobbing.

Three months passed. The king gave up all hopes for the queen's life. Just then he received the news that a yogi from the Himalayas was passing through his city. He invited the yogi to the palace and sought his advice regarding the queen's condition.

The yogi saw the queen, talked to the physicians and surveyed the atmosphere in the queen's room. Then he led the king and all his near and dear ones to another room and said gravely, "I can prepare the right medicine

for the queen. But the medicine shall be effective only if the queen is untouched by any liar's breath!"

The king and the rest sat puzzled.

"Let me explain. Nobody who has ever spoken a lie should go near the queen, unless she calls him or her," said the yogi again.

After a brief silence, the king said, "Sir, I'm afraid, we all have spoken lies at different times. It will be good if none of us goes near the queen."

That is what was done. Nobody went near the queen except for giving her medicine and food.

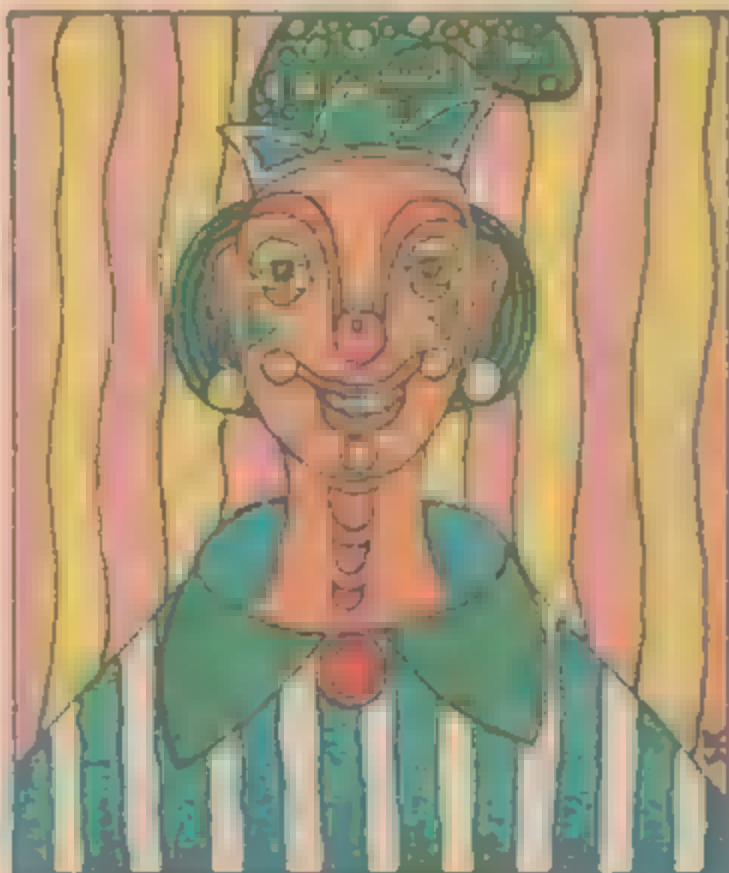
The queen recovered in a month. The king was very happy. He thanked the yogi and said, "Sir, the medicine you gave the queen must have been something unusual."



"No, my dear king, I repeated the medicine your own physicians gave her. But I saw to it that she had enough rest and she was free from the air of sorrow. Because you looked sad, the

others competed with one another in looking sadder. Their faces depressed the queen. Once the situation changed, her condition also changed," explained the yogi.

## ANOTHER WITH FENG SHUI





## THE STRANGE ONION

**B**hanu and Suresh were two brothers. Bhanu was naive while Suresh was quite clever.

After the death of their parents, Suresh told his elder brother, Bhanu, "Brother, let us separate. It will be a good experience for each of us to look after himself."

Bhanu agreed. They divided the property of their parents between themselves. Bhanu occupied one part of the forest and Suresh another.

Being clever, Suresh managed to take possession of the best furniture and utensils of the household. Also, he earned well through money-lending business. Bhanu worked in his fields and earned just enough to live on.

One day an ascetic stepped onto the verandah of their house

and asked Suresh for some food. "I don't believe in charity," said Suresh and waved his hand asking the ascetic to go away. Just then Bhanu reached there. "Come in. I will share with you whatever I have," he said. In fact, he did not share, but gave away to the ascetic whatever he had cooked for himself.

The ascetic passed his eyes on his household and observed, "My son, the other part of the house seems more prosperous!"

"Yes, sir. That belongs to my younger brother. He is more clever than I. He has deprived me of all the good things left by our parents. Even he borrowed from me all the cash I had, but never returned the amount. I am a sad man," said Bhanu.

"He should not have done





that! Leave it. I propose to do some good to you before I leave," said the ascetic. He then asked him to bring him some fruit or roots if he had any in his kitchen.

Bhanu saw that he had nothing except five onions. He brought them to the ascetic. The ascetic recited some hymns and touched them.

"Good. Put them on the oven. Wait for an hour. Then tell me what happens," said the ascetic.

Bhanu did as instructed. He saw that while four onions were boiled, one remained raw. He showed them to the ascetic. Said the ascetic, "You can eat the boiled ones or do anything you

like with them. They are not important. The one which did not boil is the one that matters. Swallow it tomorrow morning. You will prosper."

The ascetic spent his night in Bhanu's house. In the morning, ready to eat the onion, Bhanu found that it was missing from his kitchen. Almost in tears, he reported the matter to the ascetic who was about to leave.

"Don't worry, my son, whoever has eaten it has to pay a price for it. Just sit down and say, 'O onion that defies to be boiled, I want such and such things'. The fellow who had eaten it will be obliged to get the things for you. But don't ever be greedy or cruel," said the ascetic.

After the ascetic's departure, Bhanu sat down and said, "O onion that defies to be boiled, I want a comfortable bed."

Next moment Suresh came running to him and said, "Brother, just wait. I will get you a comfortable bed—before it is evening." Indeed, Suresh bought from the distant bazar a large bedstead, a thick mattress and a pair of pillows of the best quality.

Needless to say, Suresh had

swallowed the onion. He had overheard the ascetic's assurance to Bhanu that he shall grow rich if he ate the onion.

Next day Bhanu said, "O onion that refuses to be boiled, get me a hundred rupees."

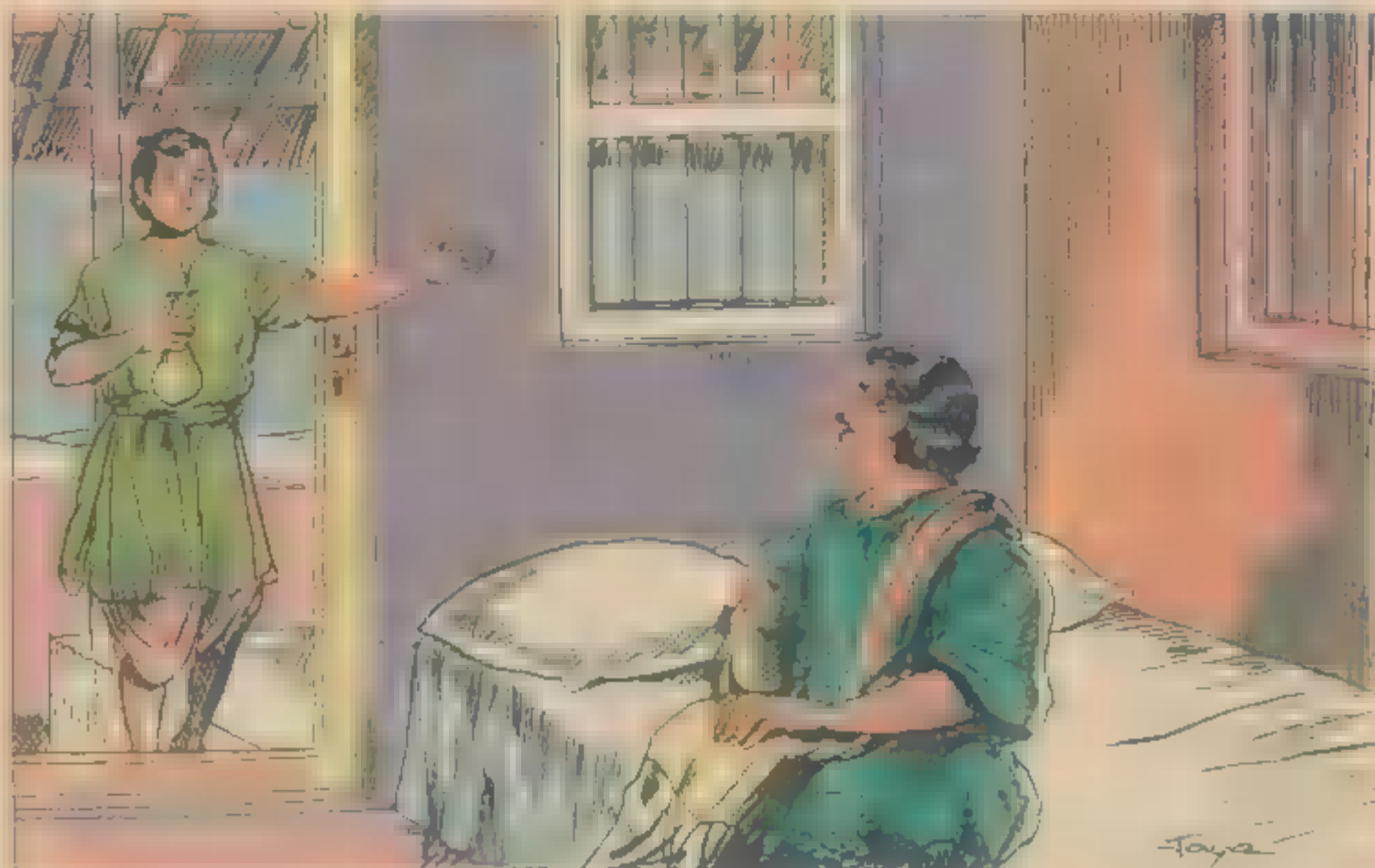
Within minutes Suresh handed over to him a bag with hundred rupees in it. Soon Bhanu learnt how to get everything done through Suresh. From cooking to looking after his cattle, Suresh had to do everything. The villagers said, "Look at the younger brother's devotion for his elder brother. Suresh would not eat without first feeding Bhanu!"

Six months passed. The ascetic arrived in the village once again. It was Suresh who saw him first. He fell at the ascetic's feet and said, "Sir, I have grown miserable, thanks to my brother's demands on me. Kindly save me from this predicament."

The ascetic said, "Go to your brother and ask him to address the onion and say that it had done enough and that he was satisfied; now it should get dissolved."

"What if my brother does not oblige me?" asked Suresh.

"He has to pay for his unkindness," said the ascetic and he



took rest in Suresh's house.

Suresh met Bhanu and said, "Brother, I have suffered much for the injustice I had done towards you. Now tell the onion that it had done enough and that you were satisfied and that it should get dissolved."

"Why should I? I am not satisfied!" said Bhanu.

At once the onion shot out of Suresh's mouth and shot into Bhanu's mouth. Bhanu swallowed it before realising what he was doing.

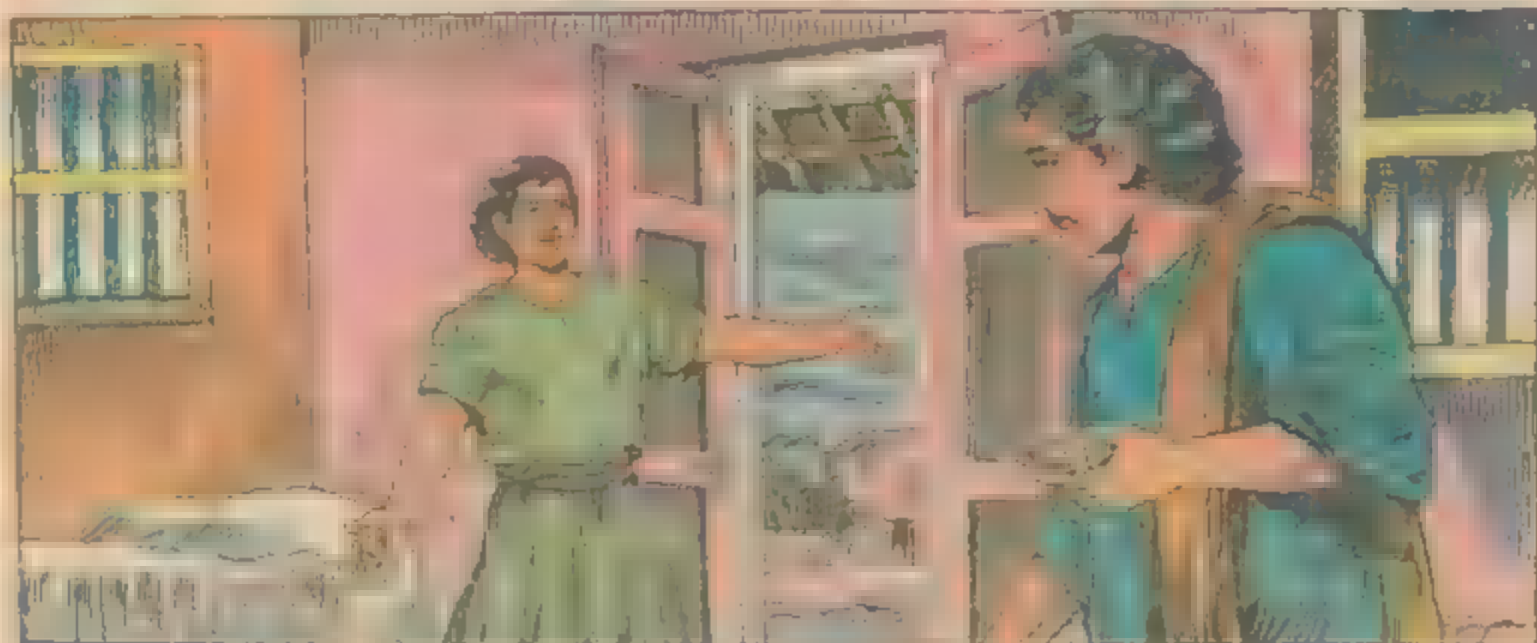
"My brother! Do you realise what will happen now? I can ask the onion to do this or that for me and you shall be compelled to be at my service!" said Suresh.

Bhanu sat stunned. Then he said in a cracking voice, "Suresh, I deserve punishment. Over the

last six months I had grown totally lazy for you did everything for me. Now I must be at your service."

But Suresh smiled and said, "My brother, do you think that I have learnt nothing from my experience? It is because I had tried to exploit you, and tried to outwit you by swallowing the onion that I was punished. Should I still be a fool to take advantage of your condition? Never." Then he said, "O onion that refuses to be boiled! You have done enough; I am satisfied. You should be dissolved."

The ascetic also appeared there and both the brothers bowed to him. He asked the brothers to live and work together. Bhanu and Suresh happily agreed to his suggestion.





## THE PHRASE LEFT BY A MIGHTY CONQUEROR

S. Kamlapathi of Keonjhar would like to know who uttered *veni, vidi, vici* and when.

The exact term in Latin is *veni, vidi, vici* and it means "I came, I saw, I conquered". The utterance is ascribed to Julius Caesar and he is believed to have said this after his victory over Pharnaces. The phrase is often quoted to describe an easy and smooth achievement by some exceptional individual in any field, either because of his personality or because of favourable circumstances or because of a combination of both.

T. Prashant wishes to know the meaning of the phrase, *The Grave of Davy Jones*. The mariners have their own phrases and slangs. For them *Davy Jones* stands for the evil spirit. We do not know why such an innocent sounding name should come to mean such a thing. Some experts believe that *Davy* is a corruption of the West Indian word *Duppy* meaning devil and *Jones* is a corruption of *Jonah* (a bringer of ill-luck).

*The Grave of Davy Jones* is the sea because drowned sailors rest under it. The more widely prevalent phrase to mean the same in this sense is *Davy Jones' locker*.

K. S. Lakshmi Devi of Bangalore wonders if it is correct to say that ~~one~~ and so ~~is~~ "one of my best friends" or such and such tower is "one of the tallest towers", for *best* and *tallest* ~~are~~ superlatives and should refer to one thing only.

The usage in regard to the use of superlatives is flexible, but a careful writer or speaker should think twice before using a superlative. We should not describe Mount Everest ~~as~~ ~~one of~~ *one of the* highest peaks, for it is *the* highest peak. But there are things which cannot be so accurately measured. One such thing is friendship. You may have ~~one~~ hundred friends and among them you may consider two or three to be closest to you. It is not wrong for you to say that X is one of your best friends. Similarly, it will be rather arbitrary to say that so and so is the greatest novelist in the world. It will be safer to say that he is one of the greatest novelists. So, superlatives and discretion go together!

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VICI



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## LET US KNOW

Where is Bermuda Triangle and what happens there?

—Amruta Pandit,  
Poona.

The Bermuda Triangle is an area, formed by imaginary lines in the North Atlantic. *The Chambers Twentieth Century Dictionary* defines it as "the area between Florida, the Bahamas, and Cuba where ships and aeroplanes mysteriously disappear". The writer Vincent Gaddis gave the area its name. According to a popular book on the subject, *The Bermuda Triangle* by Charles Berlitz, "Large and small boats have disappeared without leaving wreckage, as if they and their crews had been snatched into another dimension." Aeroplanes also meet the same fate. Once a ship, after crossing the Triangle, was found to be without a single soul in it. It appeared to have been struck by a violent cyclone, but the weather reports recorded no such cyclone. Ships and aeroplanes which have managed to send some distress signals before disappearing, speak a language which remains mysterious. For example, a Japanese ship sent the message, "Danger like dagger now." Surely, the captain was not being poetic. He was trying to describe the danger in a matter-of-fact manner. But no expert is capable of saying what danger in the sea can look like a dagger.

Another time an aeroplane's signal came like a signal from a great distance—as if it had been mysteriously led into the remote space.

Scientists continue to feel baffled over the situation.

*Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.*





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Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

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The Prize for May'89 goes to:—

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The Winning Entry:— "Flight of Stairs & Stack of Chairs"

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## PICKS FROM THE WISE

It matters not how long we live, but how.

—Bailey

There is only one danger I find in life—you may take too many precautions!

—Alfred Adler

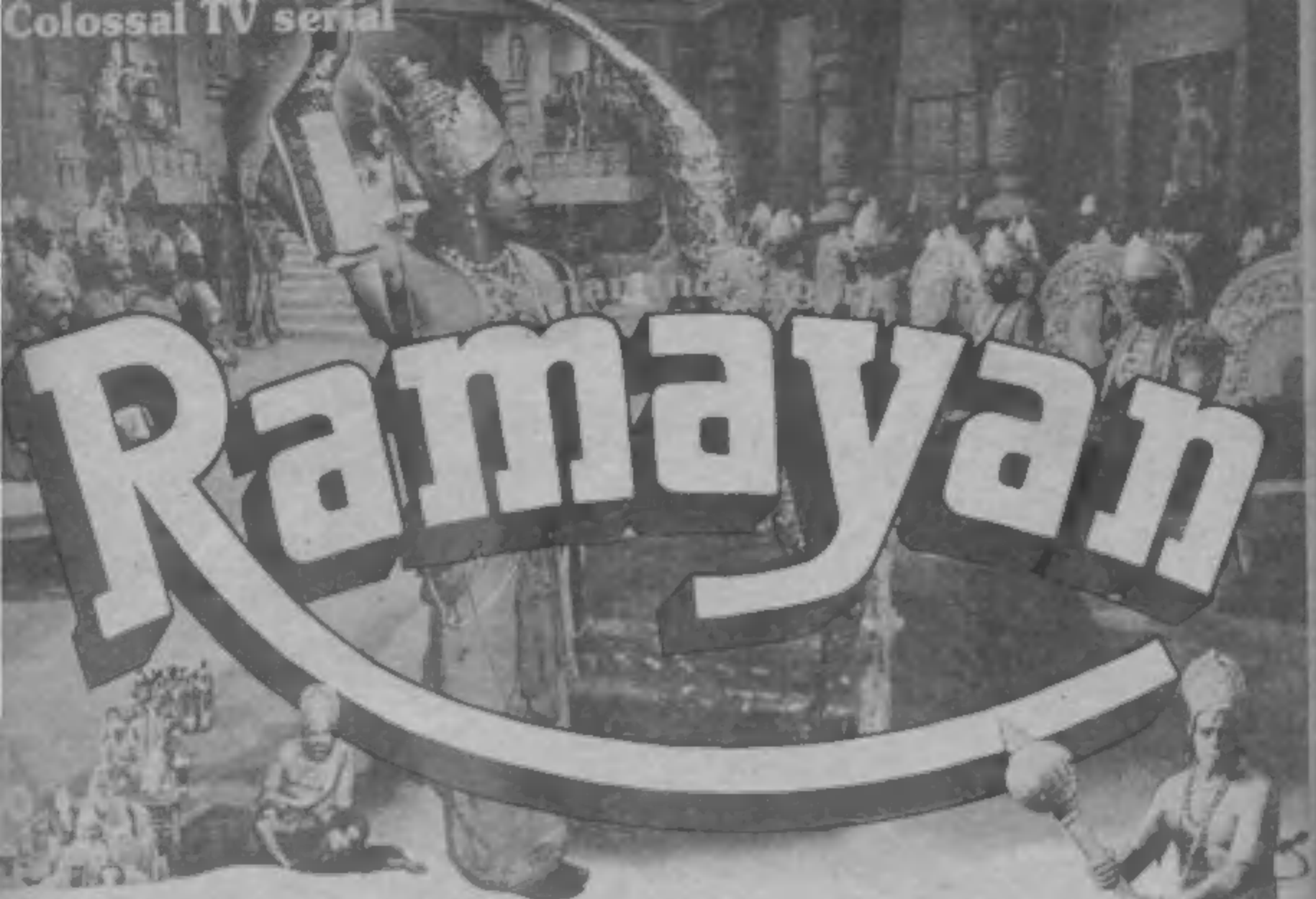
May you live all the days of your life.

—Swift





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